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"The blossom of the flying Terms."—*Tennyson*.

OLLEGE HYMES.

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VOLUME VI.

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MDCCCLXV.

T. AND G. SHRIMPTON, OXFORD.

TO
VICTOR HUGO,
THIS SIXTH VOLUME OF
"COLLEGE RHYMES"
IS DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,
BY HIS HUMBLE OBEDIENT SERVANT,
THE EDITOR.

V.G.
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INDEX.

	PAGE
A CAMBRIDGE ALPHABET	<i>E. H. R.</i> , Clare College, Cambridge 16
A CHURCHYARD	<i>Y.</i> , Oxford 47
A FRAGMENT	<i>Ty'r Ywen</i> , Oxford 144
A LETTER FROM ITALY (ADDISON) IDEM LATINE	 136 <i>E. J. N.</i> , Christ's C., Camb. 137
A MAY DREAM OF THE FEMALE EXAMINATION	<i>X. Y. B.</i> , Christ's C., Camb. 146
A RETROSPECT	<i>Crispin</i> , Exeter Coll., Oxford 84
ABSENCE	<i>C. E. W. B.</i> , Worc. Coll., Oxf. 142
APOLOGETICALLY DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE CHARLES WOLFE	<i>Jeremy Diddler</i> , Oxford 48
BONNIVARD'S ISLE, LAKE OF GENEVA	<i>R.</i> , Trin. Coll., Camb. 103
BY THE LAKE	<i>R. H. Baynes, M. A.</i> , St. Ed- mund Hall, Oxford 76

	PAGE
CHORIC SONG	60
CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS	<i>Ion</i> , Worc. Coll. Oxford 119
EROS	<i>Eden</i> , Oxford 27
FORGET ME NOT	<i>J. W. H.</i> 125
FROM BRISTOL TO LYNTON	<i>Wentwood</i> , St. John's C., Oxf. 9
FROM BYRON: "BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL!"	132
IDEM LATINE	<i>H.</i> , Wadh. Coll., Oxford . 133
FROM MRS. HEMANS: "GO FORTH, FOR SHE IS GONE!"	168
IDEM LATINE REDDITUM	<i>S.</i> , St. John's Coll., Camb. 169
"GEORGEY PORGEY, PUDDING AND PIE"	172
IDEM LATINE	<i>G. G.</i> , Pemb. Coll., Oxford 172
HORACE, ODE IV. X.	<i>H. N. O.</i> 109
HUSBANDMEN'S SONG	62
IN MEMORIAM, RICHARD COBDEN	<i>X. Y. B.</i> , Christ's C., Camb. 180
IN THE CLOISTERS	<i>R. H. B.</i> , St. Edmund Hall 30
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH, ACT I. SCENE II.	94
IDEM GRÆCE	<i>M. J. Hill</i> , Wadh. Coll., Oxf. 95
LEGEND OF ST. ISIDORE	<i>Philo</i> , Queen's Coll., Oxford 150
LIVING AND DYING	<i>X. Y. B.</i> , Christ's C., Camb. 41
LOVE'S LAST REQUEST	<i>J. W. B.</i> , B. N. C., Oxford 68
MOONLIGHT: A FRAGMENT	<i>E. D. P. T.</i> , St. John's Coll. 63

INDEX.

vii

PAGE

"OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES"	<i>Mitre</i>	96
"ON LIFE'S BROAD SEA THERE FLOWS A TIDE"	<i>Lacryma</i> , Oxford	18
ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE DOG	<i>H. N. O.</i>	87
PAN DIDASKALOS	<i>Ty'r Ywen</i> , Oxford	56
PAROXYSM OF THE PERIOD	<i>M. J. B.</i> , Oxford	71
"PILLOWED UPON THE BOSOM OF A GODDESS"	<i>Candidus</i> , Oxford	78
PROPERTIUS LIB., EL. II.		24
TRANSLATION (ADAPTED TO THE TIMES)	<i>W. M.</i> , Wadh. Coll., Oxf.	25
RIZPAH: A FRAGMENT		157
SCOTTISH SONG, BY BURNS		88
IDEM LATINE	<i>R. Trin. Coll.</i> , Camb.	89
SILENT VOICES	<i>W. B.</i> , B.N.C., Oxford	42
SONG OF THE YOUNG	<i>X. Y. B.</i> , Christ's C., Camb.	36
SOUTHWELL MINSTER	<i>Arthur St. John</i> , M.A., St. Edmund Hall, Oxford	173
"SPRING'S BRIGHT JOYS HAVE ENDED"	<i>Σ.</i> , C.C.C., Oxford	51
THE ARTIST	<i>Ty'r Ywen</i> , Oxford	97
THE ASHEN COPSE	<i>Mitre</i>	105
THE BATTLE OF LIFE	<i>X. Y. B.</i> , Christ's C., Camb.	113
THE BIRTH OF LOVE	<i>Candidus</i> , Oxford	38
THE CRUSADER WED	<i>P.</i> , Oxford	131
THE DAISY'S LESSON	<i>P. M.</i> , Jesus Coll., Oxford	145

	PAGE
THE DIRGE OF YOUTH . . .	<i>Crispin</i> , Ex. Coll., Oxford 21
THE DYING BRIDE . . .	†, Ball. Coll., Oxford . 159
THE GLEN . . .	<i>Eden</i> , Oxford . 65
THE MOUNTAINS . . .	<i>M. B.</i> , Christ's Coll., Camb. 92
THE SONG OF THE SPURT . . .	<i>Remez Moribundus</i> . 100
THE SUICIDE'S BURIAL . . .	<i>Candidus</i> , Oxford . 127
THE UNDERGRAD.'S SOLILOQUY . . .	<i>C. E. W. B.</i> , Worc. C., Oxf. 156
THE VILLAGE SAGE . . .	<i>C. E. W. B.</i> , Worc. C., Oxf. 53
THE VISION OF THE EAGLE . . .	ἐν δι' ὄρον, B. N. C., Oxf. 124
THE WORSHIP OF BEAUTY . . .	<i>Crispin</i> , Ex. Coll., Oxford 154
THOUGHTS ON THE CHRISTMAS VACATION, WITH SMALLS IN VIEW . . .	<i>C. E. W. B.</i> , Worc. C., Oxf. 32
TOBACCO SMOKE . . .	<i>R. C.</i> , Oxford . 44
TO SILENCE . . .	<i>O.</i> , Oxford . 35
TO THE MISTRESS OF THE HOTEL OR CHALET ON THE SUMMIT OF MONT PILATE . . .	<i>Candidus</i> , Oxford . 115
TOO TRUE . . .	<i>E. H. R.</i> , Clare Coll., Camb. 75
TWO SONNETS ON THE OLD TESTAMENT . . .	<i>W. Alexander</i> , Dean of Emly 82
TRANSLATION FROM AGAMEMNON . . .	<i>A. J.</i> , B. N. C., Oxford . 122
TRANS. FROM SOPH. ANTIGONE . . .	<i>F.</i> , Trin. Coll., Camb. . 177
VACATION THOUGHTS . . .	<i>A. B. C.</i> , Ex. Coll., Oxford 164
VALENTINE . . .	<i>E. D. P. T.</i> , St. John's Coll. 58
"WHILE THE SUNBEAM'S RIPP- LING WAVELETS" . . .	<i>J. W. H.</i> . . . 110
"YON PEAK THAT HIDES THE WEST" . . .	<i>O.</i> , Oxford . . . 140



COLLEGE RHYMES.

"The blossom of the flying Terms."—TENNYSON.

From Bristol to Leynton.

DH yes! adown the brimming river flood
Leon and I, upon that happy day
Which from the memory will not pass away,
Slipt under heights of rich o'erhanging wood
That towering upward hid nigh half the sky;
So flush the foliage nought within was seen,
Save where some boulder far off or anigh
Did catch the sparkle of the morning rays;
All else was muffled in the sumptuous green.

The other side in huge and massive blocks
Sheer from the winding water's marge arose,
Height upon height, their battered fronts, ablaze
With splintered crags and rough red naked rocks,
Against the sunshine down the reaches stood,
And shut out nigh half heaven from the eye.

Within the heart there beat a full repose
And stirred the feelings ; and the being did sway
With the rare joyance that no sorrow knows
Of those at last now started on the way
Of some entrancing pleasure looked-for long,
Which floods the spirit with an undersong
Of live emotions, human and divine,
Going up in praise and love to God alway,
Like low-toned music, which steals on the ear
Of one that sleepeth in the breaking morn,
And, entering in the workings of his brain,
Filleth the mirrored chambers of the mind
With saintly forms and voices thrilling clear,
Which to Faith's struggling eyes will scarce appear
While in the flesh we yet watch in our mail ;
So delicate and so subtle, and more frail,
Than such as conscious effort could attain,
E'en his of inner vision most refined
Among the poets which the Earth has borne,
Who of his friendship tells the charmed tale
Through divers modulations, clear, yet fine

As are the shades of whiteness which suffuse
The inner lining of the greeny sheath
Which doth enclose the water-lily's bloom,
Or those frail crimsons which at night illumine
The sculptured abbot sleeping by his stall,
In silence at the rising of the moon,
Shed from the Glories of the Saints o'er him
Mantling in the East window vast and dim,
That hangs a half-lit shadow in the wall,
The wan reflexions of whose dream-like hues
In just perceived dimness tinge his swoon.
Such like the joyance words cannot define,
Which from the live depths of the heart beneath
Stole like the bloodrise through the poised being,
And swayed it, as at sundown oft is swayed
By its own breath the harebell on the hill,
While all things round are hushed and dewy-still ;
Or as some luminous petal lightly stirred
By the pulsations of a humming-bird
Hovering without a slowly-opening flower :
Of thought as well as words beyond the power,
Which consciousness alone was dimly seeing,
So subtle the vibrations which it made.

The woods declining from their heights fell back
In many a fold, until at length they lay
In a half-circle round a widening plain,
Which now was border of the brimming tide :

Across the water on the other side
A flat and spacious marge of breezy green
In place of the sheer heights, which now were seen
Receding masses ever shifting shape,
Behind us, as we sped from cape to cape
Along the snakelike windings of our way,
Athwart the shining levels, which alway
Broadened before us freshening toward the main,
And to and fro began to heave and swell ;
While here and there a gleaming fishing smack
On billowy undulations rose and fell.
Anon a stiff breeze rattled in the shrouds,
The seagulls came and wheeled across our track,
The cliffs and woods behind us far away
Were rolled together like departing clouds,
And we plunged forth into the Severn Sea.

Full many a vaporous glory did we see
Alight a moment on some distant shore,
Like what illumines the features of a saint
Who in his sleep as through an open door
Doth catch a stilly glimpse of Paradise,
And to and fro athwart the Holy Floor
The Blessed Spirits walking there within,
Of holier aspects than all art could paint,
Or even Faith with her divining eyes,
Like living stars, all pure from sense and sin.
One wheeling seagull ever hung anear,

As loath to leave us and yet loath to stay :
Always a fresh light breeze did fan the brow,
Making a murmurous music in the ear ;
The sparkling salt sea-waters lightly brushed
The livelong day against the speeding prow ;
And now and then some heavier billow rushed
Upon it, and fell off in flakes of foam,
Drenching the cordage with the springing spray.
A thousand flying shadows by us flew
Athwart the furrows of the toiling waste
Upon each other in untiring haste,
As though the import of their speed they knew,
Yet ever roaming never found a home.

Not those who traverse most the Ocean plain
Can find a tongue to utter what they feel
As its all tameless billows feast their eye :
Why speak I therefore, striving to reveal
Sensations multitudinous, which lie
Huddled together and bemoaning sore,
Like tongueless creatures, round the powerless mind,
Craving for utterance, and no utterance find,
Which living but to speak must speechless die ;
Which in this life will stir the heart no more,
Though others like to them may rise again,
But never quite the same as rose before.
And yet we trust they do not stir in vain,
Though voiceless is the hunger which expands.

The reeling spirit, as the eye surveys
A waste of waters, girt with gleaming lands,
Rock up and down beneath the naked sky ;
The live emotion of the heaving main
Vibrate with ageless yearning to give forth
Its adorations, and its sounding praise
Unceasing, to the Triune God on high,
Who once from East and West and South and North,
By the sole fiat of His Living Word,
Did call it forth from chaos into being ;
Which utterance by no mortal ear was heard,
Which wondrous birth no mortal eye was seeing.

Anon we reached the coastline on the left,
And sailed along it in the afternoon,
Where towering ranges of long mountain tracts
In multitudinous heights came down, and couched
Their massive limbs beside the wandering waves.
We saw the black mouths of receding caves ;
We saw above two gleaming cataracts
Leap from the heights, but never reach the sea ;
And here and there, torn from the solid rock,
A tumbled boulder down below emerge
From yeasty eddies of the toiling surge,
Which in primæval ages thus was cleft
Asunder from the cliff and toppled down
(If it be true what science hath avouched
In pride of knowledge not born fifty years),

Ere yet were made these frames of hopes and fears,
The man and brute, but all beneath the moon
Was lifeless, and the earth a lifeless block.

We turned a headland, and a little cove,
The opening of a gorge, before us lay,
The haven where we would that we would be,
The beauteous close of our most beauteous way
Adown that broadening sunlit Severn Sea ;
Into the mountain creek straightway we drove.

ST. JOHN'S COLL., OXFORD.

WENTWOOD.





A Cambridge Alphabet.

A stands for the "Anti-muffs" who up to Cambridge go.

B stands for famed old Barnwell, with morals quite so-so.

C stands for that £15—'tis "Caution," I declare.

D stands for both "Duns" and "Dons," of whom I say
Beware.

E stands for the Evil look the Proctors throw at one.

F stands for the Frolics rare when down has gone the sun.

G stands for the horrid "Grind," when near the "Exam." looms.

H stands for the "Half-and-half" you get at Freshmen's rooms.

I stands for the "Interest" the Tutors get on bills.

J stands for the "Jovial Boy," who oft his pewter fills.

K stands for the "Kitchen Mess," that's given you at Halls.

L stands for the Lectures that prepare you for "Smalls."

- M** stands for the "Muckers" you'll make in the Senate House.
- N** stands for the "Not-to-be-got," as then you rack your *nous*.
- O** stands for the "Opal" that decks the 'xaminer's hand.
- P** stands for the Plaudits that hail the 'Varsity band.
- Q** stands for the "*Q'ish*" swells who keep at Trin. Coll. Cam.
- R** stands for the Rigid Rules made for each Cantab lamb.
- S** stands for the Syndicate which says if you may pass.
- T** stands for your Tutor kind who styles you quite an ass.
- U** stands for the "Ugly Uns," as townsmen call your blows.
- V** stands for your Very true, who sadly binds your nose.
- W** stands for the "Wrow" 'twixt "Gown and Town" last night.
- X** stands for your lame "'Xcuse" for being in the fight.
- Y** stands for the Yly Duns who eye you from afar.
- Z** stands for the Zeus-like Dons you'll see at Coll.!—
ha! ha!!

CLARE COLL., CAMBRIDGE.

E. H. R.





“There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune :
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.”

JULIUS CÆSAR.

IN Life's broad sea there flows a tide,
Wherein her vessels safely ride,
No need of oar or sail :
Calm sleeps the wave upon her breast
In deathlike motionless unrest,
And softly blows the gale.

With easy flow the current leads
Where Fortune spreads her verdant meads
In realms of Peace afar ;
Where Fame's stupendous temples stand
Gold beacons on the Siren-land
An all-bewitching star.

Pilot, rejoice ! thy work is done ;
 Thy bark's endangered course is run :
 Within the harbour steer,
 And anchor near yon peaceful shore
 Nor dread the tempest's anger more,
 Nor seething billows fear.

But if thou fail this tide to gain,
 How changed the aspect of the main !
 How vain the helmsman's art !
 Fruitless the bellying sail is rent,
 Fruitless the creaking oar is bent,
 And useless is the chart.

Louder and louder hiss the waves,
 Shrill roar the blasts from Envy's caves—
 The vessel heaves and rolls.
 Now shattered see her rudder beat
 Upon the quicksands of Deceit,
 Or Falsehood's bitter shoals.

Now grates the prow with sudden shock
 On Hatred's unforgiving rock—
 Beneath yawns Shame's abyss !
 What though the wished-for land be nigh ?
 Blast, tide, and surge approach defy
 To seek its mysteries.

Or if at length thou hap to feel
 The hoarseness of the scraping keel,
 And Hope comes present there ;
 Back leaps the ebbing wave in haste
 To draw thee towards the gaping waste,
 To face again Despair.

Such is the fruitless toil and strife,
 When lost the favouring tide of life :—
 'Tis war 'tween life and death—
 Until at length thy bark is hurled
 In whirlpools of another world
 Eternity beneath.

OXFORD.

LACRYMA.





The Dirge of Youth.

"The tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

TENNYSON.

THE morn of life is bright and gay :
Grief like a spectre far away
Is scarce in distance seen.
Her shadowy form in vapour dressed
On youth's horizon seems to rest,
So smiling and serene.

For life, that like a crested wave
Moves ever onward to the grave,
In baby-smiles began.
Once but a ripple on the shore,
Its voice a murmur, nothing more,
Unlike the speech of man.

But as a billow gathers strength
And size, till it becomes at length
 A mountain 'gainst the sky ;
So in our life a change appears,
And mirth, a bubble, in our tears
 Is swamped, we know not why.

Of dimples furrows take the place,
Stiff grows the frame, and sad the face,
 And darkened is the brow ;
And, like a rising storm at sea,
Life's surface moves tempestuously :
 All smiles have vanished now.

The birds cease singing by degrees,
The blossoms drop from off the trees ;
 The night from heaven descends,
And closely wraps the earth around,
Dropping her mantle on the ground,
 Save where the lightning rends—

Rends it in twain with sudden flash,
Revealing where the breakers dash
 Upon the ocean's shore.
One brilliant blinding streak of light
An instant trembles, then the night
 Is blacker than before.

Oh ! what a wreck of what was fair !
And grief unveiled, and black despair
Obscure the setting sun.
The morn of life has passed away,
And desolation and decay
Already have begun.

Thank God ! there are to whom the night
Brings no misgiving or affright :
Of them I fain would be.
'Tis only sleep that shuts their eyes,
They know to-morrow they shall rise
To live eternally :

To live a stainless life with all
Who listen to the Master's call,
And gain th' eternal shore—
A deathless life, His gift, who gave
Himself to die that we might have
His life for evermore.

EXETER COLLEGE.

CRISPIN.





Propertius, *Lib. iv. El. ii.*

NPORTUNA mea est cunctis natura figuris
In quamcunque voles, verte; decorus ero.
Da falcem, et torto frontem mihi comprime fœno :
Jurabis nostrâ gramina secta manu.
Arma tuli quondam, et, memini, laudabar in illis :
Corbis in imposito pondere messor eram.
Sobrius ad lites : at quum est imposta corona,
Clamabis capiti vina subisse meo.
Cinge caput mitra, speciem furabor Iacchi :
Furabor Phœbi si modo plectra dabis.
Cassibus impositis venor ; sed arundine sumptâ
Faunus plumoso sum Deus aucupio.
Est etiam aurigæ species Vertumnus, et ejus,
Trajicit alterno qui leve pondus equo.
Suppetat hoc, pisces calamo prædabor ; et ibo
Mundus demissis institor in tunicis.
Pastorem ad baculum possum curare, vel idem
Sirpiculis medio pulvere ferre rosam.
Et mihi, quod formas unus vertebar in omnes
Nomen ab eventu patria lingua dedit.



Translation.

(ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.)

MY nature to every shape is adapted ;
Every form I may take, I shall fit :
With a scythe, and an old twisted hay-band,
You would swear " He's a haymaker, every bit ! "

A brave soldier—a medal I won, I remember ;
A true reaper I look, with a can—
Not quarrelsome very,—but let me get beery
And I'll fight like a wild Irishman !

Only give me the chance, and I'll drink like a
Bacchus,
I can whistle the popular song ;
A poacher—or under some hedge you may see me
A bird-catcher slinking along.

I can drive against time, or ride in a circus
At once on four horses, or more !—
I am more up in fishing than old Izaak Walton,
Or call for " *old clo'* " at your door.

At times I'm a "*stick*;" now a "*swain*" young and
handsome,

In my buttonhole sporting a rose;
And because I alone can do all these things
Folks say I'm a *changeling*—I may be! who knows?

WADHAM COLLEGE.

W. M.





Eros.

"The nimble fancy of all-beauteous Greece
Fabled young Love an everlasting boy
That held of Nature an eternal lease
Of childhood, beauty, innocence, and joy."

COLERIDGE.

SMILE not my eyes sweets yet unfelt, O sun,
And thou fast-blushing pleasure of the dawn?
Come hear the music of my gracious will,
Take thou my tender orders, and give out
This beauty—that it cries for—to the world:
The fond and awkward silly silly world;
Fill thou its dreamy eyes, and drench it deep
With sequent falls of melancholy sighs
Beating against the rocks of plaintive care;

VOL. VI.

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Hold it in love, and let it sink in love
Soft-pressed by slow degrees beneath the wave,
And die in the sweet waters—if it may—
For my loved sake, for am I not its worship?—
Beauty, the unknown shadow of the Mighty One.
The world is all athirst for me and mine,
Yet me it knows not, still untaught of bliss :
Young Greece is after me in noble search,
Young Greece shall find me—happy one—and climb
To where I joy in golden glory ever,
And by the great power of her knowledge force
Rome to crave pardon for her thought to rule.
Greece, darling Greece, shall climb by gentle steps,
And o'er each step shall nod some graceful truth
Of sculptors, wonder-stricken at their own great skill :
Thoughts, swift beyond the lightning of a dream,
Shall glow to find their pretty secrets known,
And feeling in the stone that cannot speak ;
And as the ever-circling fountain flash,
Its myriad eyes all swimming with glad tears,
Shoots up the sparkle of its yearning spray,
One cluster of wild stars, soft-languishing ;
So shall the play of colour, and the twine
Of silken poesy, and heart-enchanting speech,
Whatever is and shall be great in art,
With all the holiness of joy aspire,
Until they know me as I am, their Peace.
So Greece shall learn of me, and Rome of Greece,

And Rome, the willing handmaid of the fair,
Imperial Rome shall teach the nations all.
'Tis good for all to lose themselves in me,
'Tis good for life to bathe itself in me,
The awful shadow of the Great Unknown.
Take then myself, O sun of tender years !
That has not yet begotten Marathon,
Take thou *myself*—I blush not—I am pure,
For I am Beauty, not its mockery.
Then be once useful with thy light, O sun !
'Twill be a dulcet labour e'en for thee.
E'en now thy pale streaks broaden, and thy sheets
Of grey and timid purple mellow soft
Into the unveiled flush of open day.
Show me, their need, to all the sons of men ;
Give to their thirst, so that their clammy lips
Be parched no more, but that they panting drink
Love-sweetened draughts of Beauty and of Truth.
And I who know not *how* such thirst can be,
Who am my own sweet fulness of content,
Know also *that it is*, and will not chide
Man's seeming weakness, for he is but man.
Let him but bask in my eternal smile,
And he may ripen for the fields Elysian ;
But he shall love me as my pleasure is,
As is my pastime, and as is my due—
The mighty shadow of the Great Unknown.

EDEN.



In the Cloisters.

NARD by the lake, girt with its forest zone,
The Abbey stands,—relic of days gone by ;
The ivy clammers o'er the crumbling stone,
And mosses sleep where the dead calmly lie.

Amid the ruins, o'er the chancel floor,
The dank weeds thicken, and the rains descend ;
The choir of voices sweet is heard no more,
Nor to the altar priests their footsteps wend.

But memories cluster round the chapel grey,
And, lingering there, we live the past again,
And seem to hear, adown the lonely way,
The priestly footfall, and the solemn strain.

Still falls the yew-tree's shadow on the aisle,
Wearing its crown of life amid decay,
Catching in early morn the sun's warm smile,
Watching the stars gleam till the break of day.

Wait a few years, and that dark yew shall fade ;
But the true-hearted in their cloistered bed
Shall wake to life immortal, and, arrayed
In robes of white, safe to their home be led.

That home, the Temple time can never dim ;—
No shadows frown, and no sad tears are there.
Oh, at the last, to join that ceaseless hymn,
The crown of all His perfected to wear !

ST. EDMUND HALL.

R. H. B.





Thoughts on the Christmas Vacation,
with Smalls in view.

SWIFT November term is dying,
Ice floats on my pot of grog ;
So misty 'tis, a magnifying
Glass could barely pierce the fog.
Cooks are busy stowing geese in
Pantry-cupboards full of mince ;
School-boys now their skates are greasing,
While their smiles their joy evince.

All come home to laugh, carouse, and
Eat plum pudding and roast beef,
I alone must bear a thousand
Sources of eternal grief :
Must not think which maid is fairest,
She in dark, or she in blue,
But con first and second aorist,
With their paradigmas too.

Must for Smalls (I'm sure to mull it!)

Cram, like geese and such fat kind,
Which now seem, so full their gullet,
Apoplectically inclined.

But like them, though only loading
Brain and mind to little use,
Won't those horrid dons, I'm boding,
Quickly cook my precious goose?

I dare not go to evening parties,
Nor wander 'neath the mistletoe;
Just the spots where'er my heart is,
I these places must forego.
And that Smith, so swell at skating
(While I'm stewing, wretched elf),
Will be drawing lovely Kate in
His new sledge, all by himself.

I who used to read her Tasso,
Sitting by her 'neath the shade,
Or at evening sung the *basso*
While she the piano played,
Now one glance or two *in toto*
Will be all to me assigned,
Not e'en having got her photo.,
Just to look at during "grind."

They say that gladly we should all learn
Every Latin author gone ;
Climb Parnassus, as up Malvern,
Eager for sweet Helicon.
Rank nonsense this at very best is,
Horace openly I hate,
Hecuba detest, Alcestis
Piously abominate.

Oh ! would I were a copper Indian,
Chewing 'baccy in a grove ;
Though perhaps I should be skinn'd and
Tomahawk'd by some dark cove.
Better this than the existence—
Than the life I leading am,
Seeing looming in the distance
That detestable Exam.

WORCESTER COLL.

C. E. W. B.





No Silence.

SILENCE, thou art as the insatiate sea,
Which myriad spoils hath locked within his deep;
Navies, before whose march did tempests flee,
Beneath his unbetraying bosom sleep :
Or as that other sea, which hath no waves,
Whose ripples quiver everlastingly,
Within whose bottomless chasm lost stars find graves,
Great Night's blue ocean, unstained, unbillowy.
As heaven drinks stars, as sails are gorged of seas,
So over song thine ancient lips are clenched :
But say, wilt thou restore those harmonies
Thy robberies heaped since Chaos until now ?
Yea : though stars vanish, yet they be not quenched ;
Sea shall give up his dead,—and so shalt thou.

OXFORD.

O.





Song of the Young.

WE'RE standing gazing on the world
Eager for strife and battle,
Around us float the shouts of war,
Its turmoil and its rattle;
We heed not what our elders say :
We think it idle prattle.

We're longing for life's waves to rise,
And rising to receive us ;
We think that we are strong for fight,
But no one will believe us.
We wait awhile : when waiting's o'er
Will action undeceive us ?

The tide is ever rising fast,
It soon will overtake us.
To me it seems we all must be
Much what our troubles make us :
If we but bear them patiently,
There's One who'll ne'er forsake us.

Then let us brace our armour on
And evil feelings smother,
And let each share a little strength
To help his weaker brother ;
For more than half the fight is won
By helping one another.

CHRIST'S COLL., CAMBRIDGE.

X. Y. B.





The Birth of Isaac.

SWEET Love! thou gentle influence,
So heavenly yet so human all;
Thou comest, and we know not whence,
And dost enlink both throne and thrall.

The spot where thou wast virgin-born,
And first drew in the vital breath—
'Twas on the dewy tops of morn,
And where the west wind whispereth.

The dawn was ripe, the sky was red,
And airs were faintly blowing;
The clouds were crimsoned overhead,
Beneath rose-streams were flowing.

The cattle on a thousand hills
 Stood bathed in paly pink,
And in a thousand laughing rills
 Stooped down the head to drink.

All clothed in magic mantle fair,
 The Earth put on her youth
As radiantly as when and where
 From Heaven descended Truth.

A voice was heard of seraph song,
 As silver bells were ringing ;
One universal anthem strong
 The world burst into singing.

The incense of that strain went up
 From mountain, vale, and wood ;
God saw His pleasure's brimming cup,
 And said that it was good.

The clouds divided left and right,
 In glowing draperies,
And from their bosom's stainless white
 Freshened and shook the breeze.

But first a mist appeared atween,
 And then a shapely form ;
Now flashing purple, red, and green,
 Now rainbow-like in storm.

Nor human It nor yet divine,
Still wedded both together ;
Coming through shadow and through shine,
It was a lovely weather.

But now a face of rosy hue,
Gleamed through those curtains white ;
And eyes of true celestial blue,
Sparkled like stars of night.

Then as a swan-like cloud asleep,
It wavered to the earth ;
And where it stayed they ceased to weep,
And straightway blossomed mirth.

And now among the race of man,
Still mingling beautiful,
It seems some dream without a plan,
When all the world is dull.

CANDIDUS.





Living and Dying.

EVERYTHING is dying, in this world of ours,
Everything is dying—even the fairest flowers
Wither and die away, but yet they leave behind
A little pod of seed, the germ of their own kind.

Everything is living, nothing fades away :
Even a gleam of sunshine on a summer day
Lives in the lives it gladdens, lives in each thankful thought
Of the good God who has given us such blessings all un-
bought.

Thus throughout all ages Life and Death shall be,
Though they seem at variance, bound in amity
Till Life shall live for ever, and Death shall die away
Before the dazzling splendour of eternal day.

CHRIST'S COLL., CAMBRIDGE.

X. Y. B.





Silent Voices.

ROUND the house the lindens quiver
As they quivered long ago,
Still across the glancing river
Moontide shadows come and go ;
But in vain I wander sadly
Through the scenes beloved of yore,
Listen for the silent voices,
Voices that will come no more.

In the beds the blossoms glisten,
As they used in other years,
Near them, as I pause to listen,
Rise the swift unbidden tears :
All things seem the same as ever,
Fair and peaceful as of yore ;
But they listen for the voices,
Voices silent evermore.

Yonder is the tree we planted,
Blue-eyed sister Kate and I,
Where the mid-day sunlight slanted
Through the lime-tree canopy.
See, the tree grows tall and goodly,
Yet beneath its boughs I stand,
Waiting for my blue-eyed sister,
For the clasping of her hand.

I can see the favourite places
Where my mother used to stray,
See once more the smiling faces
As I saw them many a day ;
But the silent voices come not,
Come not as in days of yore,
Not a whisper of the past time,
Hushed and silent evermore !

B. N. C.

W. B.





Tobacco Smoke !

THE clouds of smoke were rising fast,
As through a college room there passed
A youth, who bore, 'spite sage advice,
A "baccy"-pouch, with strange device,
"Tobacco Smoke!"

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Glared on a pipe, laid in its sheath,
And in his ears there ever rung
The accents of the donor's tongue,
"Tobacco smoke!"

In ground-floor rooms he saw the light
Of pipes and weeds glow strong and bright ;
And, heedless of the passing don,
From out his lips escaped a groan,
"Tobacco smoke!"

"Try not the shag!" the old man said,
"It is o'er strong for thy young head,
Dire its effects to those untried;"
Heedless he was, and but replied,

"Tobacco smoke!"

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and test
Our Latakia—'tis the best!"
He grasped his packet of birds'-eye,
And only muttered with a sigh,

"Tobacco smoke!"

"Beware; don't set your room alight—
The college might object—good night!"
Such were the words the scholar spoke,
And scarcely heard through closing oak,

"Tobacco smoke!"

At midnight hour, as bedroom-ward
Two "undergrads," from drinking hard,
Steered up the gas-less break-neck stair,
A voice cried from the "right two-pair,"

"Tobacco smoke!"

The Freshman by his scout was found,
Lying all prone upon the ground,
And still his hand grasped like a vice
The "baccy"-pouch with strange device,

"Tobacco Smoke!"

There, in the morning cold and gray,
Moaning, and all unkempt, he lay,
And from the scout, unmoved, serene—
A voice fell—"Oh! 'tis easy to be seen,
Tobacco smoke!"

OXFORD.

R. C.





A Churchyard.

THERE was a churchyard, all wind-swept and bare,
For leagues around lay stretched the treeless wold :
Sure never spring or summer ventured there,
It was so bleak and cold.

Bare was its brow of trees—one, only one,
A solitary pine without a leaf,
Bent earthward, with a sad monotonous moan
Of never-ceasing grief.

With hoary weeds the winding walks were white,
The grass was withered in the winter wind,
It seemed a place removed from life and light,
For doom and death designed.

The mouldering stones with mildewed moss were gray,
No flowers smiled athwart the ghostly gloom,
Only one poor pale snowdrop pined away
O'er a maiden's tomb.

OXFORD.

Y.



*Apologetically dedicated to the Memory of the late
Charles Wolfe.*

“ Grave sentit aratrum.”

“A grievous thing he feels it to be ploughed.”

HE looked glum when he heard, by a friendly note
Which, of course, his chum sent in a hurry,
That, alas! he had no testamur got;
And he felt in a deuce of a flurry.

He thought how he'd read at dead of night,
The page of Herodotus turning,
By the tallow-candle's flickering light,
Or the moderator burning.

No ruthless coughing arose from his chest,
Nor did indigestion wound him ;
But he said—as the worry was breaking his rest—
“That examiner—confound him !”

“What’s the odds?” were the words that he said ;
But he choked not down his sorrow ;
For he sadly remembered the hopes that were fled,
And pictured the “Governor’s horror.”

Then he thought, as he hurled himself into bed,
And dashed his head down on the pillow,
That his foe, the tailor, would want to be paid,
And would quickly be sending his bill, oh !

Very likely he thought (now his credit was gone),
“Oh ! I wish with cold cash I had paid him ;
“But nothing he’ll get : I’ll be off to Boulogne,”
And he went, out of Britain to shade him.

Just after his heavy sleep, each tone,
As the clock struck the hour, was mocking :
And he fancied that many a ravenous dun
At the oak was sullenly knocking.

He cautiously put out his head, and looked down
From his room in the second story :
He saw but the quad, and its paving of stone ;
He was all alone—in his glory (?)

OXFORD.

JEREMY DIDDLEY.





SPRING'S bright joys have ended,
Spring's sweet beauties flown ;
Summer's splendid glories,
All, all are gone.

Dazzling days of sunshine,
Azure skies are fled :
Summer's fleeting pleasures
Lie with his dead.

Autumn, sombre Autumn,
Stripping every tree
Of its summer beauty,
Spreads o'er the lea.

Showers of golden foliage,
Which the wanton winds
Haunt, to woo in secret
Nymphs, whom unkind

Envious gloomy Autumn
 Makes to hide their charms,
 Shut in grassy prisons
 From lovers' arms.

Thus in golden shower
 Jove woo'd Danæe
 Pent in brazen fortress
 Where none might see.

Winter soon will follow,
 Bringing frost and snow ;
 Soon through leafless branches
 Sad winds will blow,

And with wilder wailing
 Mourn their green nooks gone ;
 Or with plaintive sighing
 Make dreary moan.

Thus in man's brief lifetime
 On too rapid wing,
 Summer's glory follows
 The sweets of spring.

Autumn chases Summer,
 Chill with Winter's breath :
 These are youth and manhood,
 Old age and death.



The Village Sage.

THERE lived a man within our town
Whose match I've scarce seen ever :
All things he knew, and somewhat more,
He was so wondrous clever.

In politics of every sort,
He could with any follow :
In fact 'twas whispered e'en by some
He beat the parson hollow.

'Mongst other arts, astronomy
Employed John Pickens' genius ;
He learnt of Saturn and her rings,
Of Jupiter and Venus.

In sooth, he understood so much
Of science and *belles lettres*,
He knew, or fancied that he knew,
Far more than all his betters.

One day a wag, while in the road,
Friend Pickens chanced to meet,
So, running to th' astronomer,
He stopped him in the street.

"For long, dear Pickens, in my mind
I've oft been sorely vexed :
The question I have pondered long,
And still I'm more perplexed :

"New moons come in, old moons go out,
But now I want your answer :
What comes of all the old 'uns now,
Come tell me, if you can, Sir."

Old Pickens scratched his massy head,
And took his nose to blowing :
Then looked with pity on his friend,
Then answered, very knowing :—

"Why, why, you simpleton !" he said,
With wisdom undiminished,
"Why, don't you see they cuts 'em up
For stars when they are finished."

“Well, I *am* blessed, if I’ve not thought,”
Replied the ignoramus,
“There were more stars sin’ I were young :
Eh, but your larning’s famous !”

WORCESTER COLLEGE.

C. E. W. B.





Pan Didaskalos.

IF we could see the heart of things,
And grasp the centre of the True,
We should not beat with bruised wings
Against the barrier-arch of blue ;

But, stretching forward through the night, ,
Achieve the grand Idea of good ;
And, linking with the sons of light,
Be crowned in regal brotherhood.

We cannot? Then let this in turn
Be somewhat of a recompense :
The knowledge which we hardly learn,
That order rules in things of sense ;

And chiefly this : that nothing dies,
Recurring flux, perpetual birth,
But pass before the seërs eyes
Some glancing facet of the earth.

And, though the hand that wrought with power,
The heart that sorrow could not mar,
Should blossom in a gracious flower,
Or float before the morning star,

Or twine with weed in ocean halls,
Or with the summer breezes range ;
Yet, noting that rich beauty falls
On all the moods of cosmic change,—

The deep unresting tidal-song,
The rippling tints about the hills,
The upland glen, where sweeps along
Precipitate music of its rills,—

Sunlitten fringes of the air,
The cirrus round the mountain curled,—
Ah ! who can deem it all despair
To mingle with so sweet a world ?

'TY'R YWEN.



Valentine.

BY AN UNSENTIMENTAL UNDERGRAD.

'**T**IS sweet to see the Sun arouse the rosy-fingered
Hours,
Uprising from his eastern bed, while you're tucked up in
yours;
'Tis sweet to catch a transient glimpse of his ascending
beams,
Then draw your curtains close, and so enjoy your morning
dreams.
Sweet, too, to rise betimes, and sweet to see your ticker tell
There's time for one more snooze before that horrid Chapel
Bell.
Sweet is a heavy breakfast, and (to quote our Laureate's
words)
Particularly sweet to me "the early *pipe of Bird's*"
-Eye Baccy. Sweet to parent's ear his offspring's merry
laugh;
Sweet to a thirsty soul a pewter pot of half-and-half.

In short, there are a heap of sweets: they'll any of them
do,

But 'pon my life I can't quite say that I feel sweet on you.
So, by your leave, I'll first cut short (and sweet) these
lines of mine,

And just for one more year, I'll do *without* a Valentine.

ST. JOHN'S COLL., OXFORD.

E. D. P. T.





Choric Song.

OH! we are weary with the ceaseless toil
Of never-ending years,
Oh! we have been weighed down with many fears,
And we have been the lordling's spoil,
And wet the earth with bitter tears.
Why should we toil still on,
Still on, and never get more nigh
A better state, but ere we live we die—
Oh! cruel, cruel is the will of Fate—
And we have nought beside
The ever-toiling surge of labour's tide:
Our fathers lived and toiled, and ever toiling died.

Oh ! we were born unto a ceaseless toil,
An ever climbing up the hill of Life,
An ever waging of a weary strife.
And we, her sons, have bruised the kindly soil,
 And we have murmured not
At all our toil ; and our sad lot
Is lowliest of all things that creep
 On earth, and in our sleep
We're tortured by the joys we cannot reap,
And oh we mourn our lot, and yet we dare not weep.





Husbandmen's Song.

Hus. 1. **T**HE morn was weary, and the moon
Droopt sickly in the heaven ;
Most weary was the hateful noon,
Most weary was the even.

Hus. 2. The lark sang on the front of dawn,
The shielded hill-side shone,
The stag glanced on the upland lawn,
Soft swam the liquid noon.

Hus. 3. But they are gone : such pleasure flies
Unheedful of the smart ;
They drew the sorrow from the eyes,
But left it on the heart.



Moonlight : a Fragment

(OF THE GENUINE ARTICLE).



HEAVENS, what a night !
All earth and sky bathed in one sea of light !
Sure some bright tenant of yon azure dome
Looks calmly out from his star-spangled home,
And things celestial and terrestrial thence
Reflect the gleam of his beneficence.

Such should I deem the interval that's given
To the beatified 'twixt this world and Heaven ;
A slumbrous happiness, a dream-blest sleep,
A long reaction, after labours deep
And hopes exciting, couched in quiet bliss,
And lapped in some tranquillity like this.

I scarce can bring myself to seek repose,
Yet sleep's soft charms mine eyelids quickly close :
I press my pillow, and those haunting beams
Are mirrored there in still delicious dreams ;
I dream of her who—with me or apart—
Shines the sweet Night-Queen of my darkling heart ;
Whose love-lit eyes emit as pure a ray,
Calm as the eve, warm as the sunny day ;
But mostly on me doth their influence fall
Like yon pale moonbeam on the Abbey-wall,
And sleep in calm—

I start from my repose.
Why rings the night with hideous cries like those ?
Hath Murder dared with blood-stained knife to creep ?
Or yells the maniac execrations deep ?

Confusion ! Hark, that awful cry again,
Too terrible for frenzy, grief, or pain !
Sure nought that's human can diffuse around
The horror waked by that terrific sound !
What Demon, then, pours forth those sounds appalling ?
O, it's them 'orrid brutes a-caterwauling !

ST. JOHN'S COLL., OXFORD.

E. D. P. T.





The Glen.

DWILIGHT had paved a gentle slope for Eve,
The air was rich and sweet with sylvan choirs :
'Twas such a time as when sad Love will grieve,
And burn (poor fool!) with self-rekindled fires ;
'Twas such a time as when the cheek of Spring
Will pale for fear her happy reign must end
So soon as each bright hour shall urge his wing
Back to his heaven, whence he did descend :
And when a host of pretty thoughts will die
So soon as they a moment's joy have given ;
Like lightnings melt swift through a summer sky,
Like rose-leaves fall beneath a breath from heaven :
So Spring put on her fairest, and alone
Grieved sore that Summer soon should fill her throne.

Twilight had poised her fairy wings for flight
Unto the haunts of weary care-worn men ;
And, as the curfew heralds in soft night,
Their gentle rustling whispered " Peace " again !
When poor Spring wept, and straight all herbs were
drinking
The rain her tears for flower-kissing dew ;
Down poured the large rich drops, the Sun was
sinking,
And soon his face would be all hid from view :
For he, majestic in his purple robe,
Fast sailing to his palace in the west,
High waved his royal hand to the great Globe,
But kissed it to the Glen, and bade her rest ;
And so amidst the trees a stream of light,
As clouds sped o'er, played peep-bo with the sight.

Spring now dried up her tears ; but each sad flower,
Crowned with her grief, still drooped his aching head ;
So will the bridesmaids in the marriage-hour
Weep on for gladness when the bride is wed,
Who, with her lips to a bright rainbow grown,
Rebukes in love that shower of their tears ;
Yet by that rain the graceful arch is sown :
Her smile had been unborn but for their fears.
Now of all spots the fairest was the glen :
There was the fern-crowned nook and grassy dell,

There rushed swift waters—stood the marshy fen,
The noble steep, and there the deep clear well,
While Nature from her shower beauty won,
And fair Spring smiled now that her tears were done.

Spring smiled ; and from yon height the eye beneath
Could trace the daws their random circles wing ;
The primrose, swollen to its golden wreath,
The sward, half-faded by the fairy-ring,
And all that noble spacious belt of trees,
Bathed in the tearful comfort of their Spring,
Which, like a rush of tender harmonies,
Forming one heart of joy, their arms did fling
Around each other ; in and out young billows
By the sedge the kingfisher has shot
Rays from his feathers proud, while bending willows
Woo him to woo the coy “ Forget-Me-Not ; ”
And on afar the silver-crested river
Plays in soft windings through the vale for ever.

OXFORD.

EDEN.



VOL. VI.

F 2



Jobe's Last Request.

IN Tyne's green banks a white tombstone
Stands by a virgin's grave;
Another name is there—of one
Who sleeps 'neath Ocean's wave.

A sailor sought sweet Ellen's love,
And won her trusting heart;
But He had willed who rules above
That they for aye should part.

The maiden wept; but of his weal,
Whose image cheered her dreams,
Tidings, her wounded soul to heal,
Oft came like Heaven's bright beams.

But months rolled on : she now could hear
Nought of her loved, her own ;
But oft she seemed with Fancy's ear
To catch his dying groan.

At last a well-worn missive came,
Wet with old Ocean's brine ;
She smiled, and felt through all her frame
A thrill of joy divine.

Poor widowed maid ! a stranger's hand
Writes from a distant shore,
To tell that to his native land
Thy love will come no more !

He slumbers fathom-deep in brine,
Gulphed by the ocean-wells ;
Those hands so often clasped in thine
Will tangle moss and shells.

The maiden wept not—scarce to us
Her bosom seemed to ache ;
We thought she heeded not, but thus
“The gentle heart doth break.”

When Spring's first verdure decked the vale,
She heard his soul had fled :
Ere Autumn's winds had ceased to wail,
She slumbered with the dead.

Love breathed one last request alone :
" When 'neath the grassy shrine
These limbs are laid, 'grave on the stone
My true love's name with mine."

B. N. C.

J. W. B.





Paroxysm of the Period.

WOULD that my hate were poison, and could work !
Could tear my rival's brain, and rack his soul !
Adulterate his beer, and quench his pipe !
My rival is nor prince nor belted earl,
No Proctor stern, or chapel-enforcing Don ;
He is a *coachman* ! May he ever hold
The reins of wretchedness, the whip of woe ;
Harness the horses of his harrowing thoughts,
And fix them to the carriage of his crime,
Till horses, chariot, charioteer, and all
Be stabled in the deepness of oblivion !

For weeks and months I had not seen my love,
But now I was to see her ! Yes ! at length

SHE, with her uncle and a smiling aunt,
Had promised us to come—in fact—to tea :
Six was the hour. Long ere the time arrived
I sought my chamber : chose my shiniest boots,
Brushed my ambrosial locks (whose wonted curl
Appeared a fiction through my nervousness) ;
Six ties were spoilt ere one was found to suit—
But this, the seventh, was perfect ! Underneath,
Upon the snowy surface of my shirt,
Bright flashed my studs—bright as my lady's eyes ;
My waistcoat-buttons, in a shining row,
Showed well the outline of my taper waist ;
And, fitting close, my glossy black dress-coat
Rather expressed than hid my manly form,
Which rivalled in its grace the Belvidere !
My toilet was complete, and I was glad ;
Then viewing gratified my mirrored charms,
Swift I descended to the drawing-room,
Found there my sisters waiting, ready dressed,
My mother, too, and unimportant guests ;
But SHE—my love—SHE had not yet arrived.
Yet no suspicion of the awful truth
Had flashed upon me. Still I waited ! Yes ;
I waited quiet, while the drawing-room clock
Struck quarter after quarter. Then, at last,
The other guests impatient for their tea,
We sought the dining-room ; and there again,
My whole soul quivering to hear them come,

I waited on. At length, oh, joy! a cab!
‘Oh, blessèd cab! and doubly-blessèd horse!
Thrice-blessèd cabman!’ thought I to myself;
And smiling, tried to frown, and hide my joy,
For fear my sisters should discern my joy.
The servant entered and announced the guests,
Who followed closely: cold I bowed to one,
Smiled a faint smile upon the aunt—and then—
Saw dimly that *my Angel was not there!*
I heard as in a dream the prim excuse:
First, for the lateness (‘It had been so hard
‘To get a cab,’ they said); then, too, ‘Their niece
‘Had been unable to come with them. The snow
‘Was all the cause. She was not staying with them,
‘But lived some miles away, and had to drive
‘Through frozen lanes, and so the *coachman* thought
‘The carriage could not come (oh, cursèd whip!),
‘So thickly lay the snow!’ My mother smiled,
‘Was sorry; but, perhaps, another time!’
My sisters cared not, busy with the urns;
I, having made my bow and smiled my smile,
Was silent, sadly brooding o’er my grief:
And all the evening passed, a gloomy blank.

‘The carriage could not come!’ Oh, lame excuse!
I knew the reason, and it tore my heart:
The *coachman* loved her! would not let her see me,

Dreading the rival influence of my eye,
My soft low whisper and enticing sighs,
My brilliant talk and fascinating smile :
And so to keep my love away from me,
He feigned the difficulty of the roads,
And plunged me to the madness of despair !

Oh ! may kind Fate swift retribution grant !
May it be mine, before I sink in death,
To seize that *coachman* in his stable-yard,
Bind on him firmly, with confining girths,
The saddle hanging in his harness-room,
Insert between his teeth his training-bit,
Mount on his back, and with his driving-whip
Force him barefooted through the frozen snow,
O'er which he once forbade my love to go !

OXFORD.

M. J. B.





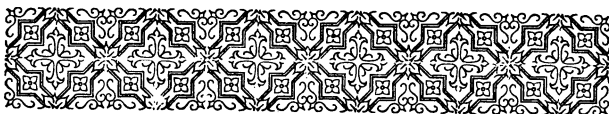
Too True.

WHY like a *hinge* is woman fair ?
The answer pray do not deplore :
Let man dispute it if he dare,
I say she's something to A-DORE !

CLARE COLL., CAMB.

E. H. R.





By the Lake.

LEMMED in by mountains, girdled with dark pines,
The lake lay sleeping; not a ruffle stirred
Its deep calm waters, and the lengthening lines
Of shadow kissed its breast : no sound was heard.

Above, the clouds were coursing through the sky,
Save where there gleamed a deep of purest blue ;
And one star, like a signal lamp on high,
Into a form of wondrous beauty grew :

It sparkled clear, like that strange Star of old
That led the wise men o'er their weary way,
Till they had brought their frankincense and gold,
And worshipped where the world's Redeemer lay.

I stood beside the margin : 'twas a sea
Of glass : faint ripples dreamed along the shore ;
I wondered if more beautiful could be
The Land where seas and stars shall be no more.

And then I thought me of that lake of old
Where once the Master 'mid the darkness trod,
And at His word the angry billows rolled
Their foam into a calm, and owned their God.

Then o'er me came faint glimpses of a stream
Whose waves make glad the City up above ;
Lit up for ever by the sunny gleam,
Reflecting only heavenly light and love.

O, when the storms of life have ceased to beat,
Safe to the haven where we all would be,
Lord Jesu ! bring our worn and wandering feet
Beside the margin of the Crystal Sea.

S. EDMUND HALL.

R. H. BAYNES, M.A.





“ At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Inrigat, et fatum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaricus illum
Floribus et dulci adspirans complectur umbra.”

Æneid i. 691-4.

PILLOWED upon the bosom of a goddess,
And lightly laid to sleep in rosy rest,
Gentle Ascanius held unconscious flight:
Through dewy clouds that, leaning from above,
Kissed and embraced his sculptured brow and breast,
And stirred his golden flood of mantling hair,
The soft airs made a music as they glided,
Sweetened with balm and scenting frankincense—
The breath of gods. For Venus moved upon
His every smile, bedewing them with mists
Of easy slumber; and, fondling him aloft
In arms divine, transported to her bower—

To the tall woods Idalian and their spicy groves,
 Where the lazy lotus, breathing in his ear,
 Lulling with odorous tears and charmed dews,
 Imprisoned him in flowers and wooing shades—
 The shades and flowers that bloomed and gloomed for *him*.
 Flowers of all climes and hues around him smiled,
 And languidly drew in the vital air,
 Exhaled again in richer interest
 Of perfume, which, adown the swimming trees,
 Wavered on swooning breezes, faint with love,
 Laden with ministries of various use ;
 But from the skies the laughing blue stooped down
 And made a roof of overshadowing light,
 And looking down the tangled foliage seemed
 Eyes of a goddess worshipping a god,
 And meeting love with love, sweet interchange,
 In some bright land where everything is love !
 While birds, like winged sunbeams, went and came
 With lightning presence through the lights and shadows,
 So dimly separate in that holy place,
 On hushed melodious pinions, momentarily,—
 Expressing swiftest thought or fancy's flight.
 When the mild poet gives a loosened rein
 To fancy's course and wild imaginings,
 The murmuring life was as a music muffled ;
 And each soft sound stole like a guilty thing
 Into the silence, sweet, ambrosial,
 And folding all as in a silken cloak.

But Venus stood beside the flowery niche—
 Beautiful Venus, statuesque and lovely—
 Beautiful Venus, very sad and lonely—
 With the warm light of prophecy in her eye,
 And the fresh flush of promise on her lip,
 And a wild glory round her ruffled head :
 So still she seemed as carven out of silence,
 So sad as if a part of frozen sadness,
 So frail as woven from the threads of air,
 Or in the marble sleep of breathing marble :
 Dim as a mist, and yet more clear than morn,
 Robed in the sunshine of her radiant hair,
 She stood beside, as one in a wondering dream
 (Like one that waits and watches for the dawn,
 And sees even now the crimson finger pointing
 To the immediate advent of the sun,
 Who dallies with the darkness half in scorn)
 And laid her hand upon his lovely forehead—
 A golden sunbeam lighting on a fair
 Round polished pebble—smoothing every crease
 Or rippling shadow thrown athwart the light,
 Drawing new inspiration from his dreaming,
 Beauty from beauty ; and whispering opiate-words,
 She lifted a low voice and sang to him :
 Song of the budding future and his glory ;
 Of mighty empires, and her voice waxed stronger ;
 Of brooding love, and then—oh ! then, she faltered ;
 Of melting tears, and in her eyes they trembled ;

Of Roman matrons, and her white lips quivered :
 She sang, until the awful passion moved
 And shook her frame and seized the soul within,
 Of the dream-future and its agonies,
 The triumphs and victorious issuings,
 Strong battles and the armies mustering
 And meeting hand-to-hand, the shocks and griefs,
 And the great Roman rising over all :
 Thus, then, and thus she sang—while the boy slept.

The silver hours rolled radiantly away,
 The pictured hours dropped in the lap of Silence,
 Slipping in music past the shores of Time ;
 And from below upstreamed an incense rich,
 A rapturous dim chorus of far sounds,—
 Sweet tears, soft vows and prayers, and that appeal
 Of wedded loves to the incarnate Love ;
 And, intermingling with the pleasant noise,
 The stillborn noise within, the chorus rose,
 In an eddying spiral column of sick joy,
 For ever into the deep and súblime Vast beyond :
 Thus rolled the wheels of Time—and the boy slept,
 Set in a crystal sleep, pure and profound.

CANDIDUS.



Two Sonnets on the Old Testament.

I.

WHAT is the saddest, lowest, sweetest sound
Nearest akin to perfect silence? Not
The delicate whisper sometimes in the hot
Autumnal morning heard the corn-fields round;
Nor yet to lonely man, now almost bound
By slumber, near his house a murmuring river,
Running and droning o'er the stones for ever;
Not such faint voice of autumn sat encrowned,
And not such liquid murmur, O my heart!
But *tears* that drop o'er graves, and sins, and fears,
A sound the very weeper scarcely hears:
A music in which silence hath some part.
O Thou all-gentle, who all-healing art,
Hold not Thy peace, sweet Saviour, at my tears.

II.

The coast descended to the brook of reeds,
The river Kenah southwards. In the stream
The armour of men which used to gleam,
Marching right up to do those daring deeds
Upon the Canaanite. Wave to wave succeeds :
O ancient river ! age succeeds to age.
I ask thee nothing of the battle's rage,
Or how the hewing of the forest speeds,
In the land of giants ; only I would know
Do those old reeds within thy channel quiver,
Making a music when the breezes blow ?
And do their mottled lances slant as ever ?
Do they outlive men's strength, God's weakest things,
Of older race than all our lines of kings ?

W. ALEXANDER, M.A.,
Dean of Emly.





A Retrospect.

MARRIED man! No more for me
A bachelor's enjoyments;
No longer young, no longer free,
I seek out grave employments.
How many escapades were mine
When I was young and hearty!
I was a connoisseur in wine,
A master of *ecarté*.

I had a cultivated taste,
My habits were expensive,
My gloves and scarfs extremely chaste,
My tailor's bill extensive;
I wore an eyeglass in the eye,
And at the neck a jewel,
I saved my life and credit by
My coolness in a duel.

I had a very finished drawl,
A cultivated whisker,
But no one at a fancy ball
Could possibly be brisker ;
My waltzing was supremely good,
My studs were of the dearest,
The serenades I warbled would
Have melted the severest.

I wrote a powerful burlesque,
I played Mozart and Haydn,
I talked of music's spell, my desk
With valentines was laden ;
I always smoked the best of weeds,
Attended routs and races,
I held the pleasantest of creeds,
And worshipped pretty faces.

And many were the boudoirs where
My visits were expected,
And many were the locks of hair
I gallantly collected ;
And many albums held my carte,
And many showed my verses,
And many damsels won my heart,
And many duns my curses.

And many were the bouquets flung
By me to stage-enchanters,
And many were the ballads sung
While circled the decanters;
And many were the bets I made,
Reverses and successes,
And many were the parts I played
In Nathan's fancy dresses.

I always wore the smallest boot,
I drove the fastest tandem,
And comet-like I used to shoot
About the world at random;
Now figuring in Rotten Row,
And now at Covent Garden,
And now to Doncaster I'd go,
And now to Baden-Baden.

I hunted with Sir Roland's hounds,
I fished Sir Roland's waters,
I shot his woods (when out of bounds),
I flirted with his daughters!
And so my merry youth was past,
The which there's no recalling,
But Act the Fifth has come at last!
The curtain's slowly falling.

EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

CRISPIN.



On the Death of a Favourite Dog.

THOU wast my one unclouded joy,
Thy trustful love was all for me,
Soothing long hours of sad annoy :
Oh, I could weep for thee !

Days seemed less dark and friends more true
With thy warm burden on my knee,
And blither hope within me grew :
Oh, I could weep for thee !

Thy fond caress, thine eager gaze,
Thy bounding welcome, full and free,
Thy thousand little winning ways :
Oh, I could weep for thee !

When seated in my lonely room,
When pacing o'er the downy lea ;
Each day, each hour recalls thy doom :
Oh, I could weep for thee !

H. N. O.



Scottish Song, by Burns.

NOW spring has clad the grove in green,
And strewed the lea wi' flowers;
The furrowed, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all along are mine
The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art;
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorched my fountains dry.



Idem Latine.

NERE novo silvæ properant jam promere frondes,
Floribus et viridi cæspite gaudet humus;
Imbribus aucta suis sulco jam surgit arista,
Dextera cui tenues commovet aura comas;
Et, quâcunque regit sceptro Natura beato,
Mæstitiam gaudet deposuisse suam.
Hei! mihi, quem Fati vestigia dura sequuntur!
“Curaque post equitem vestibus atra sedet!”

Murmure qua grato rivi levis unda susurrat,
Missile ceu telum, fulgida trutta volat;
Arboris huic umbrâ tutas præbente latebras,
Abdita nil poterint æra recurva cibus;
Vita fuit quondam mea puræ rivulus undæ;
Tutus ego in latebris, ceu vaga trutta, fui;
Ast Venus, heu! radiis fontes siccavit amoris;
Heu! nimis, heu! precibus tu, dea, surda meis!

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine ; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast,
My youth and joy consume.

The wakened laverock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye ;
As little reekt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.



Nonne vides qualis securo flosculus antro
Deget avi fausto?—talis, amice, fui;—
Hui tenues pandit noctu Philomela querelas;
Hospite turbari non rudiore pavet;
Alite sed tristi supra volitasse Cupido
Ausus, et heu! formam dedecorasse meam!
Gaudia nunc unâ periere et robora vitæ;
Nescio quo diro turbine mentis agor.

Excutiens somnos, dulces ovat edere cantus
Et matutinam scandit alauda viam;
Læta quatit pennas cœlesti rore madentes,
Quum venit in roseis lutea Mater equis.
Sic ego tentabam mordaces pellere curas,
Dum me blanditiis illaquearet Amor;
Ah! damnosa dies! e quo miserabile cogor
Curarum imperium et vincula dura pati!

TRIN. COLL., CAMB.

R.





The Mountains.

THEY stand as guards most mighty
All through the livelong day,
And seem to watch and love us—
They so constant stay.

Stern, rugged, and unchanging,
With what strange thoughts they fill
Our hearts, awestruck and wondering :
Never do they move.

Brave witnesses they are for God,
Types of His changeless love ;
Heeding nor storm nor tempest,
Never do they move.

Seen in the mist and dimness,
They look like far-off dreams;
And the soft cloud that wraps them
Like the dim Past seems.

But when the gorgeous sunset
Is purpling all the heights,
And pouring down from heaven
Soft and changeful lights:

Then we seem to see a ray
From the very throne of God,
As though His awful footsteps
On the hill-tops trod.

Shall we not hear the lesson
Which the voiceless mountains tell,
And hearken to the thoughts
In our hearts that swell?

Thoughts of God's constant watching,
Thoughts of His radiant glory,
Stirred within our hearts
By the mountain hoary.



King Henry the Eighth.

ACT I. SCENE II.

THE gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Then ever they were fair. This man so cômplete,
Who was enrolled 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravished listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmeared in hell.



Idem Græce.

" **A**ΝΗΡ ὅδ' ἔστιν ἵδρις ἐν Μούσαις ἀεὶ,
πίθανον τε νωμᾷ καὶ μελίγλωσσον στόμα,
κύνδεῖς ὀφείλει τῇ φύσει μειζῶ χαριν.
καὶ μὴν τοσαῦτα προσέλαβεν μαθήματα,
ὥστ' ἂν δύναίτο ποικίλαισι παντελῶς
τέχναις ὀπλίζειν καὶ σόφους διδασκάλους,
αὐτὸς καθ' αὐτὸν, κύνδεν ἔξ ἄλλου λαβῶν·
τὰ δ' ἐκ φύσέως δόθεντα, τοῦθ' ὄρα, κάλα,
ὅταν δικαῖα μὴ τρέφῃ βουλεύματα,
ἀπάτην δε φυσῇ καὶ φρενας παραστρόφους
δύσμορφ' ἐς εἰδῇ πάντα δὴ μετηλλάγη,
καίσχιον' ὥφθη γ' ἢ τὸ πρὶν καλλίονα·
Ἄνηρ ἄνασσ, ὁ δεινὸς, ὅσπερ ἤγετο
δαιμόνιον ὥς τι θαῦμα γ' ἐν βρότοις ἀεὶ,
δυσπερ ποθ' ἡμῖν ἐξακούουσιν λόγους
χρόνος διελθὼν ἡδέως ἐλάνθανεν,
οὗτος τὰ πρόσθε δῶρα γ' εἰς κακοὺς τρόπους
παρήγαγεν, κάξῃλθεν εἰς πονηρίαν
ὥπερ ξύνοικος Ταρτάρῳ μελαμβαθεῖ.



“**Old Friends with New Faces.**”

FROM nursery years 'twas a joyous thing,
In the fresh delight of the opening spring,
Whole quiet afternoons to pass
Where the violet peeped from the lusty grass,
And whispered me words that I knew before,—
And because they were old ones I loved them the more.

When the violet timidly peeps again,
In the pausing of March's gusty rain,
It will touch one heart with a different power,
It will be to one eye an altered flower :
It will speak new words in a solemn voice
While it talks of an angel in Paradise.

MITRE.



The Artist.

HE bears this mission from his birth,
He knows it as his simple duty,
To follow round the gleaming earth
The wayward Spirit-Queen of Beauty.

Now sought, afar, now unsought, nigh,
She haunts him in the rippling river,
She beckons from the starry sky :
He follows, follows on for ever.

A glimpse, a glance, a thrilling gaze,
She glimmers through a thousand changes ;
By many a long illusive maze
The vision of his fancy ranges.

He plucks a rose, and starts the while
A sudden reminiscence rushes
Across his mind—he sees her smile
Through its diaphonous crimson blushes.

Or woodward in the summer night
He calls aloud, he stands and listens :
One moment all the stars are bright ;
By yonder oak her kirtle glistens.

She mocks him in a lovely face :
He sighs, he needs must follow after :
He finds no more the promised grace :
Instead, a sneer, derisive laughter.

He meets her face to face in dreams
With half-divine delicious sorrow.
He wakes : across the sky there streams
The cold grey dawning of the morrow.

Yet through the day he hears her words,
And while remembered music lingers
He lays his hand upon the chords
And strikes them with impassioned fingers.

He takes the palette and the dyes,
While still upon his memory flashes
Infinite splendour of her eyes,
Or tenderness of drooping lashes.

So much is hid behind their veil,
He cannot hope to wholly know it :
He is no nearer, though men hail
And crown him with the name of poet.

He passes : yet without despair ;
He thinks it is not all uncertain
That he shall see her young and fair
Behind the last tremendous curtain :

No more by gleam, by glimpse, by glance,
And marred with frequent limitation ;
But in one deep eternal trance
Of worship and of adoration.

OXFORD.

TY'R YWEN.



The Song of the Spurt.

WITH hands all blistered and worn,
With eyes excited and red,
A boating-man sat, in jersey and bags,
Awaiting the signal with dread.
Tug! tug! tug!
Every bone in his body is hurt:
And still with a sigh, and a dolorous shrug,
He sang the "Song of the Spurt!"

“Work! work! work!
Till I shiver in every limb;
Work! work! work!
Till the eyes begin to swim!

Steam, bucket, and pant,
Pant, bucket, and steam,
Till over the oar I almost faint,
And row along in a dream.

“O men, with sisters dear,
O men, with pretty cousins,
I must mind and keep my form for the end—
They'll be there on the barge by dozens!
Pull! pull! pull!
What is poverty, hunger, or dirt,
Compared with the more than double dread
Of catching a crab in the Spurt?

“Work! work! work!
'Put it on,' they cry, 'she flags!'
And the most unkindest cut of all,
The jests of unfeeling wags!
I fear to sit—I must admit—
On the very softest chair—
With a face so blank, the smuts I thank
For sometimes falling there.

“Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the birds'-eye and honey-dew,
Or to change the mild routine
That I underwent with the crew.

For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew that monotonous fare,
That unchanging, incessant meal.

“ Oh! for one minute more,
To get my stretcher right!—
What a blessed flurry I'm in, to be sure!
I'm in such an awful fright!
A little lemon would moisten my mouth—
But, ah me! I'm quite undone!
My song must stop—there's the dreadful pop
Of the sixty-seconds' gun!”

With eyes excited and red,
With good hope of victory fired,
He was rowing along in his jersey and bags,
But feeling uncommonly tired!
Pull! pull! pull!
He began his full powers to exert;
Soon his boat would have been at the head of the river,
But when just at the barge—an unfortunate shiver
Made him catch a crab in the Spurt!

REMEX MORIBUNDUS.



Bonnibard's Isle, Lake of Geneva.

1864.

THERE is a lake whose surface wide
At times is calm and still,
But oft its waves put forth their pride
In many an angry rill.

There is an island in the lake,
Whereon three stately trees
Put forth their branches to receive
The sweeping mountain breeze.

Upon this isle the flowers grow,
And sweet and fair are they ;
While all around the waters flow,
And countless ripples play.

How sweet a scene for wearied man,
In yonder dungeon pent !
Six dreary years, which seemed a span,
In Chillon's cell he spent.

A pleasant scene those branches fair
Upon yon little isle ;
How sweet the flowers which linger there
And seem on him to smile !

A contrast to his dungeon wall
With damp and rocky floor,
Did lie in view that islet small,
Which countless flowerets bore—

A gift of Providence divine
To soothe the prisoner's woes ;
He makes the desert isle to shine
With blossoms of the rose.

Thus oft the darkest scenes of woe
Are cheered with rays of love ;
And to the wearied soul doth flow
Fresh comfort from above.



The Ashen Copse.

AN EPISTLE.

“**N**OW let me soon, dear friend, behold
You back upon this glad threshold :
Trouble, that evil spirit and old,
Has been with me :
Read, and herein I will unfold
What set me free :—

“He found his victim lone and weak,
And now at hand the charm to speak,
And ruthless smote his horrid beak
Deep in my breast :—
I could not even lie still and meek,
To pray for rest !

“ For only one half-hour of calm :
He came not, and the healing balm
Seemed gone from out of prayer and psalm,
As if heaven’s dew
Should cease, that bade the desert palm
His strength renew.

“ The glimmer of the feeblest ray—
God knows how sweet !—that ushers day
To sick men’s dreams, whirling for aye
Through nothingness !
Such dawned to me,—up and away,
Ere it grow less !

“ He, tired heart, my purpose guessed ;
I took him, cloaked within my breast,
Out of the tumult into rest,
Out of the town :
Towards the stillness of the West
We went alone.

“ A summer evening’s walk beyond
My study walls, by Eisey pond,
O’er many a slender ashen wand,
Hangs a dark copse :
A stream runs by with bubblings fond,
And never stops.

“Poor charms : yet there in many a ride,
Skirting those shades, with me for guide,
You’ve marked my pleasure when I spied
 That nook of earth :
And still I would my secret hide,
 To enhance its worth.

“We went alone,—I almost ran
Down the high road ; through the green lane
More slowly ; at the pond began
 The sense of joy :
The copse ; and then I felt a man,—
 But more a boy ! •

“Here my first linnet’s nest I took,
A long time did I sit and look,
And read as in a keepsake book
 An old-year’s tale :
Murmured the old contented brook,
 ‘ All hail ! all hail ! ’

“Long weather-beaten years before,
’Twas here that wandering o’er and o’er,
Unconscious I had left a store
 Repaid me now,
Of simple thoughts and childish lore
 From every bough.

“Henceforward, though or storm or tide
Confound me on life’s waters wide,
To point the way, twin stars abide,
Till the ship stops!
One speaking friend; and one beside,
My ashen copse!”

MITRE.





Horace, Ode iv. x.

FLUSHED with boyhood's blooming grace,
Cruel with boyhood's scorn,
The red blood mantling in thy face,
Thy sunny locks by time unshorn.

Soon from thy cheeks will fade the glow,
The brightness from thy hair,
The polished glass so flattering now
Will show thy form no longer fair.

Then wilt thou weep the vanished years,
The friends thou now dost spurn ;
Fastidious boy ! too late those tears,
Nor youth, nor friends again return.

H. N. O.



WHILE the sunbeam's rippling wavelets
Kiss the forehead of the earth ;
While each blossom and each song-bird
Teems with bursting joyous birth ;

While the dimpled burn is bubbling,
Sporting with the mirrored trees ;
While the cushat thrills the linden,
Rocked by every wooing breeze ;

While the drowsy bees are humming
O'er the woodbine's fairy cells ;
While sweet songster and fair blossom
Each to each love's secret tells ;

While the brightness has dominion,
Joy and life and love and song,
Far is every thought of evening :
Day is here, and day is long.

Fain would we forget the coming
Of the darkling shades of night ;
Would that ever cooed the ringdove,
Would our hearts were ever light !

Still I ponder on thy beauty,
Dearer now by absence made ;
Thoughts of thee still throb the bosom
Where thy trusting heart was laid.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Night but brighter makes the day ;
Evening's bosom only blushes
Where the dying sunbeams play.

Far too speeding was our meeting,
Hurried was the long sweet kiss,
Ever unfulfilled our greeting,
Ever broken was our bliss.

Sweetest notes are thrilled by sadness,
Flooding every brimming heart ;
So though long the reign of gladness
Sorrow still must bear its part.

Deepest truth is deepest gladness ;
Who can deepest truth unfold ?
Cometh Sorrow, wan and musing,
Showeth depths of truth untold.

Sorrow passes where Joy pauses,
Pointing backward and above ;
Till we linger with our sorrow,
Lingering for very love.

J. W. H.





The Battle of Life.

WAR down in life's great battle-field
Men are fighting for renown ;
Many in that fight fall vanquished,
Few there are who gain the crown.

Perhaps to die may be the sweetest,
When the fight is nearly done,
Ere the soul perceives in anguish
Vain the laurels hardly won.

Death is never all a tyrant,
We are never quite his slaves ;
Often, often it were better
Men were lying in their graves.

Even now to conquer bravely,
Gaining but a worthless gain,
When they feel the victory empty
Won by years of anxious pain.

* * * *

But in that broad field of contest
There is one determined band,
Marching silent, with a purpose,
Marching under one command.

They may fall, they cannot perish;
Them the grave can never hold;
Victors, when they seem most vanquished,
Heroes, when they seem least bold.

Earth's vain prizes seldom win they,
Earth's vain crowns they seldom wear;
Theirs the true heroic spirit
Ever patiently to bear.



To the Mistress of the Hôtel or Chalet
on the Summit of Mont Pilate.

QUEEN! of the Alpine tops of glory,
That toss their crests sublime and hoary,
And laugh with ghostly cachinnations,
And talk in wild reverberations—
Dim, everlasting, tempest-hidden,
Clothed with the thunder, lightning-ridden—
Queen! of the Oberland's dominions,
Unfurling wide their snowy pinions,
That seem, amid the storm's confusing,
To nod and dance for heaven's amusing—
To reel from summit unto basement,
Or like the drunken man's amazement—
Queen! of the sole almighty mountains,
That leap in torrents mad and fountains,

With tumbling glaciers, toppling branches,
And the tremendous avalanches—

Flower of the Alps, thou Alpine rose!
Blooming upon the line of snows,
Beside the giddy precipice,
Where deep depends eternal ice,
And wrapped about it sheet on sheet,
Falls sheer a full five thousand feet—
Upon the outer edge of death,
And nourished by its neighbouring breath—

Thy lovely face and queenly form,
Betwixt the traveller and the storm,
Glides like a rainbow or a thought
On wastes where hope before was nought;
Thy eyes within the lightning gleam,
The beauteous vision of a dream;
And the imperilled venturer,
Hears *thy* soft whisper in his ear;
Or some bold climber sore belated,
Catches the wind with thy name freighted;
Or like a trim emblazoned star,
Sees *thy* dear firelight beacon far;
Thy voice shrills the sweet “*ranz-des-vaches*,”
When roars the sleepless avalanche;
It shakes amid the breaking thunder,
And shivers in the wind and wonder;
It raves in danger, rings in mirth,
And lightens o’er the vasty dearth;

And when those trumpet-echoes roll,
Speaks sweeter music to the soul ;
Still like a fairy undertone,
Within a lonely world alone.—

Across your reaches of far snow,
O'er paths I cut not long ago,
With steel-shod stock and armed feet,
And guarded face against the heat—
I stretch dark hands thy own to feel,
In love I care not to conceal.

For love is bounded not by blood,
Estranging mountains, or the flood ;
'Tis vast as nature, strong as law,
That makes the worlds together draw ;
And, universal as the air,
Deems itself kin to all that's fair.
I offer all that love can give,—
The atmosphere by which we live,
That vital force which lends their tune,
To beating hearts from June to June—
Pure faith and unreserved esteem,
Best feelings that the soul beseem ;
Emotions warm, both tried and true,
Old as the world, yet ever new.
The years will roll themselves away,
Succeeding hours build day on day ;
But oh ! I never can forget
The tearful joy and dear regret

Which link me to your mountains high,
Their deep green lakes and dark blue sky—
The sky with its abyss of blue,
That the fond snows for ever woo.—
But still more heavenly than before
Thy face shall glow still more and more ;
And through death's vapours dark and damp,
Shall light me with its burning lamp ;
Shall wax for ever as I wane,
And meet me in the Vast again.

CANDIDUS.





Christmas Decorations.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

NOW merry Christmas-tide has come,
And girls, with faces gay,
To their beloved minister
An early visit pay.

“To deck the church with holly-leaves,
We ask permission, sir,
With wreaths of ivy intertwined,
Or texts, if you prefer.”

“Pray go, and do whate’er you like ;
I only beg to say,
Please keep all texts from off the walls,
And let the whitewash stay !”

On Sunday, what a wondrous change!
No pulpit to be seen,
And though you look around for it,
The whole is changed to green.

The reading-desk no longer seems
The parson's corner now;
Like groves of Baal 'tis become,
With wreath and green and bough.

But neither wreaths nor Baal's groves
Can with this thing compare;
Two crosses hang above your head,
Suspended in mid-air.

The people come: some turn their eyes
Towards those popish things,
And wonder, "Who has put them there?"
And, "Who has made the rings?"

Some smile, and say, "How Christmas-like!"
While others turn away;
They never thought to see the like,
Such crosses, such array.

One whispers to her dearest friend,
“ I’ll never come here more,
Till all these popish things are laid
Quite even with the floor.”

Another *thinks* (she does not say)
“ My bonnet’s quite outshone;
I’ll go to some unhollied church
Till all these things are gone.”

Ye ghosts, and goblins, tell me, pray,
The secret—who are these
Old-fashioned dames of sixty years,
We find so hard to please?

No! that remains a mystery :
Now friends and foes, “ Good-bye; ”
Take my advice, where nothing is,
O’er nothing raise a cry.

WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

ION.





Translation from a Chorus in the
Agamemnon.

(v. 1000.)

WHO was it named her all so true?
Was it the awful one, who knew
Of Helen's future fate?
Who prescient saw her through her life
Bride of the battle, wed to strife,
Her name well matched her state.

Of man and ships destroyer she,
Destroyer of a state to be,
Forth from the costly veils,
The veils her bridal chamber wore,
She went—and soft from Helen's shore
Great Zephyr wafts her sails.

But many a warrior-huntsman bore
His arms for battle meant;
And followed, where her trackless oar
Had sped toward Simoi's leafy shore,
On gory strife intent.
It was the wrath of gods on high,
At Iliam's door that laid
For injured hospitality—
That marriage ' marred, not made.'

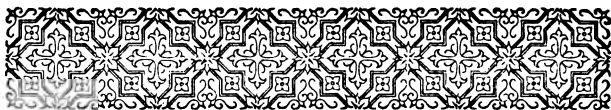
* * * * *

And while the bridal chant they sing,
Great Zeus, the hearth-avenging king,
Their boisterous triumph stayed.
Old Iliam's sons with different strain
In melancholy now complain
Of Paris, and his wedlock-stain;
And sad full well she might complain,
When round her lay her burghers slain.

B. N. C., OXFORD.

A. J.





The Vision of the Eagle.

I THOUGHT I stood upon a wide expanse
Of solitary plain. Close from my side
A glorious white eagle high uprose,
And soared to heaven. But around her feet
Behold a net extended, and to it
Great lumps of lead attached for weights.

And while

Upwards I gazed, the beauteous bird no more
Could bear the drag aloft, but straight fell down
And died.

And then I understood it of a soul
Of man, who tried to wing her way to God,
And to her kindred heaven. But behold
She was entangled in the things of sense,
With secret sins for weights. And so she fell
And died.

B. N. C., OXFORD.

ἐν δε' ὀρον.



Forget Me Not.

TWO children where the waters flow
See azure blossoms twinkling low,
And smile with love the name to know,
“Forget-me-not.”

A youth and maiden pass that way,
While gaily rings Love's roundelay;
Again they pluck, and whisper they,
“Forget me not!”

In circles shivers the pale light
Upon the moaning river's flight:
A woman's cry rings through the night,—
“Forget me not!”

Time past: none wept, none sought, none knew,
Till *his* chance footstep brought to view
A wave-kissed skull, whence crept a blue
Forget-me-not.

J. W. H.





The Suicide's Burial.

THE time was tending to the hour
Which is the noon of night,
And on the shadow of the tower
The moon shone silver-white;

About the shadow of a grave
Was grouped a slender band
(Where friend or foe, the rich or slave,
Might mingle hand-in-hand):

They brought the suicide's remains
To render them to dust;
And blessed are the tender pains
Which do not shun that trust.

The stricken wife, the orphaned child,
Had come to do their last ;
No sound was there of weeping wild,
But silence cold and vast.

No holy man of God was there
To read the funeral rite ;
They only saw the Cross of Care
Emblazoned on the night.

Mechanic duties, dark and dull,
Were all they seemed to pay,
And yet the sight was beautiful,
And glorified were they.

Rapt in the ministry of love,
They heard no warning hour ;
Fixed as the melancholy dove,
They felt no passing shower.

The wronging hand that wrought the deed,
The frame that sheathed the blow,
In undivided death and meed
They laid them soft and low.

The magic moonbeams gathered round
And slipped into their soul :
The moonbeams chained them to the ground
With saddest, sweet control.

The sullen rattle of the clod
Had never died away ;
They could not see the hand of God,
And knew not how to pray.

At last the music of the boy
Broke their compelling chain,
And tears—they were the tears of joy—
Fell mingled with the rain :

“ By that all-conquering faith we know,
Which strong assurance gives,
The hand alone has wreaked the blow,
And still our brother lives.”

Then all about the silent grave
Knelt in immortal prayer,
Which blossomed into praise that gave
Its crowning requiem there.

Now mixing with the mists of night,
They seemed to fade away,
Outlined upon a middle light
The avenue of day.

CANDIDUS.





The Crusader W ed.

MY arms still boast unwithered pith,
Unshrivelled marrow my bones is in,
The mightiest I of all my kith,
Most loving fight of all my kin.
The morrow bides a furious fray,
And glorious shocks with a valiant foe ;
Yet O that I should have to say,
“ Their hearts be high, but mine is low.”

In bygone days my one desire
Was one dear heart to make mine own ;
This gave my onslaughts all their fire,
And had I fall'n, I'd fall'n alone !
But now that adamant heart is won,
And babes have sealed our plighted vows,
Should some spear make me flee the sun,
My fall o'erwhelms a desolate spouse.

OXFORD.

P.



From Byron.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be ;
And our sorrow may cease to repine
When we know that thy God is with thee.





Idem Latine.

SIT tibi, sancta, frui nunc sedibus, umbra, beatis ;
Sit tibi, quâ nunquam pulchrior ulla fuit,
Libera quæ luti mortalia vincula rupit,
Cœlicolûm dulces mox initura choros.

Tu divina mihi fueras, dum vita manebat :
Nunc colis æternas tempus in omne domos.
Sic desiderium et lacrymas sistemus inanes,
Nam tibi præsentem scimus adesse Deum.

WADH. COLL., OXFORD.

H.





The Worship of Beauty.

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”—*Keats*.

WHEN youth and health crown Beauty's head,
And Beauty knows not sorrow,
When Beauty goes in smiles to bed
To wake in smiles to-morrow :

When Beauty's pulse is beating high,
And Beauty's cheeks are roses,
When Beauty never heaves a sigh
Except what Love imposes :

When Beauty gaily plays her part—
All music, mirth, and motion—
Then Beauty will subdue the heart,
Constraining its devotion.

But Beauty, when her eyes with tears
Are full to overflowing ;
When Beauty with advancing years
Finds Grief a friend worth knowing ;

When Beauty's pulse is beating low,
And Beauty's bloom is faded ;
When Beauty tries to smile, although
She's trouble-worn and jaded :

When Beauty nobly plays her part—
Devotion, resignation—
Then Beauty must constrain the heart
To yield her adoration.



A Letter from Italy.

(ADDISON.)

NOW I am pleased to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods :
To view the Nar tumultuous in its course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to its source :
To see the Mincio draw its watery store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

* * * * *

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I seek for streams immortalised in song
That lost in silence and oblivion lie ;
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muses' skill,
And in the soft description murmur still.

* * * * *



Idem Latine.

NUAM juga, quam notos juvat hic exquirere lucos,
Edita qua celebri flumina fonte ruunt!
Naris ubi ingenti devolvitur unda tumultu,
Clitumnus placidum qua tenet ortus iter.
Aut ubi, decurrens flexus per mille feracis
Littoris, illustres Mincius urget aquas.
Aut ubi fœdatis canus dilabitur undis
Sulphure fumantes Albula lambit agros.

* * * *

Pieridum turbis ducentibus avius olim
Incluta carminibus flumina facta peto.
Ah! latices pressant obducta oblivia mutos,
Fons silet, et ciccas deserit unda vias.
Arte tamen Musæ ceu quondam flumina currunt,
Et tremit in molli carmine murmur adhuc.

* * * *

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the famed river's empty shore admire,
Which, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty arms and an unfruitful source;
Yet, sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys.

* * * * *

O could the Muse my ravished breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumbered beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine.



Sæpe tuas lenis ripas, Tiberine, reviso ;
Nec mihi non amnis littus inane placet ;
Qui, licet e sterili deducat origine cursum
(Plenius et flumen parcior urna neget),
Pieriis toties decoratus versibus audet
Danubium et rivos spernere, Nile, tuos.

* * * * *

Concita divino si circum pectora motu
Musa pari tantas tolleret igne faces ;
Protinus ornarent mea carmina mille decores,
Cederet Italiæ Virgiliana meæ !

CHRIST'S COLL., CAMB.

E. J. N.





“Proxima deinde tenent mæsti loca, qui sibi lethum
Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi
Projecere animi.”

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 434.

•

NON peak that hides the West
Is dight with a gold tiar
Hovering o'er its crest :
A crescent beset with a star.

Not a ripple is on the moat,
One lattice is gleaming alone,
One feather-like cloud is afloat,
Whose comrades have faded and flown.

Lo! the casement flung round to the wall,
And the flash of a figure in white—
The waters upleap at the fall,
And a shriek fades into the night.

The light in the lattice is dead,
The waters are circling still,
The cloudlet hath faded and fled,
And the moon is behind the hill.

OXFORD.

O.



VOL. VI.

M



Absence.

MORN chases eve, and eve again
Throws twilight shades across the sea ;
But night or dawn, o'er yon dark main
I cast my ardent gaze toward thee.

The eagle soaring in the shine
Reseeks at night its lofty nest ;
But oh ! this homeless heart of mine
Nor shadowed is by hope or rest.

Ah ! would my all surviving days
I might for one fleet moment give,
To turn on thee my raptured gaze,
Then bid this poor heart cease to live.

Ho ! Fortune's smile, thou fickle guest,
Come bear me o'er the surging brine ;
To blue hills waft me on thy breast,
Or cease to raise these hopes in mine.

WORC. COLL., OXFORD.

C. E. W. B.





A Fragment.

THOU art mixed with all I love,
And the land is rich with thee ;
Nevermore my heart can hear,
In the woodland twilight clear,
From thine image fancy-free,
Airy voices, dove to dove,
Cooing importunity.

Nevermore by leafy ways,
Where the violet earliest blows,
Where autumnal gold delays
Late the silver lapse of snows :
Nevermore by arrowy stream,
Never by the echoing sea,
Can I muse alone or dream,
Unpursued by thought of thee.

TY'R YWEN.



The Daisy's Lesson.

I CULLED a daisy from the meadow's hedge,
And homeward brought it to my darling
Ruth ;

A pretty smiling flower it was forsooth
Of golden heart within a white-frilled edge.
Quoth she, " What's in this daisy I should prize ?"
Then turned on me her thoughtful winning eyes.
" Ah, dear !" said I, " see that thy golden mind
Like this be girt with modesty's white leaves ;
When Absence thy sad-gazing eyes bereaves
Of him thou lov'st, and blows the nightly wind,
Enclose thyself within thine own pure thought,
Till the sad hours of darkness pass away,
That thou may'st beam, when by thy love resought,
Bedewed with virtue, sparkling in its ray."

JESUS COLL.

P. M.



A May Dream of the Female Examination.

“**I**F you’re waking call me early, call me early,
mother dear,
For to-morrow in the senate-house at nine I must appear :
To-morrow for all womankind will be a glorious day,
And I’m to be top o’ the list, mother, top o’ the list, they
say.

“ There’s many a blue, blue-stocking, but none so blue as I :
There’s not a girl amongst them all with me can hope to
vie :
There’s none so sharp as little Alice, not by a long, long
way,
And I’m to be top o’ the list, mother, top o’ the list, they
say.

“ I lie awake all night, mother, but in the morn I sleep,
And dream of Virgil, Euclid, Dons all jumbled in a heap,
And the letters in the Euclid dance about like lambs at
play :

O I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they
say !

“ As I came by King's Chapel whom do you think I saw,
But Andrew Jones de Mandeville Fitzherbert Aspenshaw !
He thought of that hard problem I gave him yesterday ;
For I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they
say !

“ He thought me such a bore, mother, for he couldn't get
it right,
To see him puzzle o'er it was such a funny sight ;
But not on such a dolt as him I'd throw myself away !
For I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they
say.

“ They say he is fond-hearted, but that can never be :
He can't get through his ' Little-go,'—then what is he to
me ?
There's many a Senior Wrangler who'll woo me in the May,
For I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they
say !

“ Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the gate,
And, till they give the questions out, at the window she
must wait;
And when she's got them, back to you, mother, she'll haste
away,
And I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they
say !

“ In the papers country parsons have been writing lots of
trash :
They say this scheme for us, mother, is sure to come to
smash ;
And agèd Dons all shake their heads, and say it will not
pay ;
But I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they
say !

“ If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
I'd something more to say, mother, but my head is not quite
clear ;
For I always have a headache when I put my books away ;
But I'm to be top o' the list, mother, top o' the list, they
say ! ”

* * * * *

“ I thought to have gone down before, but still up here I
am,
And still there's hanging o'er me that horrible Exam.:
They said I should be top, mother, but then I'd such bad
luck,
Though I went in for honours——*I only got a pluck !*”

CHRIST'S COLL., CAMB.

X. Y. B.





Legend of St. Isidore.

WHEN the dew is fresh and rathe,
And the grass-tufts have no scathe,
And the boys go forth to bathe,
Faint with fasting, spent, and sore,
Came the scholar Isidore.

By the river, fringed with willows,
Tossing up its tiny billows,
Seeming like sea-fairies' pillows
Shelving on the hollow shore,
Passed the way-worn Isidore.

Leaping from the Eastern car
Rose the sun, and the last star
Melted inward, and afar
 Through the thick and chilly haze
 Dashed a stream of golden rays.

In the distance he could hear
The cock crowing shrill and clear
In the farmyards, and a tear
 Trickled down his sun-burnt cheek :
 Ancient voices seemed to speak.

While the village woke to day,
Life and living, work and play,
Still he held his onward way ;
 Came he to a ruined well,
 Cornered in a lonely dell.

Round the stones the lichen clung,
From the mouldered granite hung
Trailing ivy, and outsprung
 Merry flowers that wove a net
 O'er the crumbling parapet.

He sat him where the moss was laid,
Deeply down-looking at the shade
Which he himself, half-stooping, made :
 Dreamy thoughts and visions pour
 Through the soul of Isidore.

Slowly through the morning sky
Mounts the sun-car, and from on high
Flashes out the butterfly,
 Crisping up the shades, and soon
 Floods the land with mellow noon.

Then he left his sunken seat,
And his fevered pulses beat
With steadfast purpose, and his feet
 Were set again to measure back
 The footmarks of his former track.

His eye shone with an earnest thrill;
His mind was firm, such as no ill
Could shake from its determined will :
 Though rough the path with scorn and hate,
 His soul was stooped to bear the weight.

And ever with a fiery youth,
Though smitten with repentant ruth,
He battled for the living truth ;
 And distant ages widely bore
The wisdom of Saint Isidore.

QUEEN'S COLL., OXFORD.

PHILO.





The Undergrad.'s Soliloquy.

WHAT darkens all my bright career,
And takes away my breath with fear,
As I behold it looming near?

My Little-go.

I used to feel so free and jolly,
Indulged in fun, perhaps in folly,—
What makes me now so melan-choly?

My Little-go.

What makes me blush, and look so shy,
When up the Turl or down the High
I catch the stern Exam'ner's eye?

My Little-go.

O would I were a little lamb
A-skipping with my gentle fam-
ily, nor troubled by Exam.

Or Little-go.

What makes my sister Mary Jane
Keep writing in that mournful strain,—
“Dear John, don’t overtax your brain”?

My Little-go.

Oh! will this frightful harass last?
No! I can see I’m thinning fast,
And soon my body will be past

All Little-goes.

These mental faculties of mine
Their powers and energies resign—
I die a martyr at the shrine

Of Little-go.

And when beneath some yew-tree’s gloom
My bones shall into dust consume,
This epitaph shall grace my tomb,—

O Little-go!

Epitaph.

" No ceaseless coughings racked his side,
No agues shook him ; in his pride
(Weep, gentle reader, weep !) he died
Of Little-go."

WORC. COLL., OXFORD.

C. E. W. B.





Rizpah.

A F R A G M E N T .

BELOW the vales in wondrous splendour shone
With corn—so fruitful were the fields of old—
And flashed and rustled in the orient sun,
A moving mass of gold :

And mixed with murmurings of springs and rills,
And joyful whispers of the wind, was heard
The voice of sheep and cattle on the hills—
The woods with life were stirred :

And harvest-songs of reapers in the corn,
And harvest-songs of gleaners full of glee,
Through the clear light and pure soft air of morn,
Were falling peacefully :

And old men where the conèd sheaves lay piled
Watched the others toiling with contented eyes :
It seemed a morning such as those that smiled
O'er Eve in Paradise.

But on the mountain—ah that it should be !—
In sackcloth, and with ashes on her head,
Beside three forms on the accursèd tree—
Rigid and cold and dead—

Sat one—a mother—with a mother's care,
In her deep anguish watching lest by day
Ravens should tear her sons—lion or bear
By night make them their prey.





The Dying Bride.*

"Mourir . . . c'est doux!"

RACINE.

"Si la stanchezza stride la vampa."

BOCCACCIO

"*νυμφος ἀννυφός.*"

SOPHOCLES.

LO! Fate upon me darkling lowers,
Dim rolls the impending storm,
As fondly I recount Life's hours,
A Niobe form!

The blushing buds of Hope are dead,
I saw them gasping there;
And flits around my palsied head
Fell raven-winged Despair.

* [We insert this poem as a joke—and a very good one—for which it was doubtless intended. We shall be glad to hear from our amusing contributor again.—Ed. C. R.]

Impassioned utterances throb
Up from my gushing breast,
And in one all-absorbent sob
I moan forth mine unrest.

As clasps the fragrant eglantine
The spot whence erst it sprung,
So to thy threshold, home of mine,
My heart's frail tendrils clung.

And soft as faintest odours borne
From hyacinthine dell,
Works in this bosom rent and lorn
Joy's archetypal spell.

The twinklings of translucent rills
'Mid amaranthine bowers
Have wrapt me where the cushat thrills
In twilight-darkened bowers.

Auroral flashes glow and glance
Athwart this aching sight,
Their meteoric radiance
But mocks mine undelight.

Oh ! shield me from the frenzied storm,
Cerulean spirits, stay !
I cry—yet each pellucid form
Evanisheth away.

Soft voicings from abysmal deeps
Ring o'er the sapphire sea :
They call me where fond Memory sleeps,
My childhood's home, in *thee*.

Life ! 'tis a void, chaotic gloom,
Voluminously rolled
Through portals of the yawning tomb
That nevermore unfold.

Life ! 'tis an opal-gleam of bliss,
An aureole of tears,
By sunset rays engemmed—a kiss
Drunk in 'mid hopes and fears.

I watch 'mid spasmal thunder-crash
Yon incandescent sky,
While amethystine billows dash
In murmurous minstrelsy.

Those virgin tides are tinged with *gore*,
 Incarnadined the wave!
 Oh! curses on the wretch that bore
 To *see*, but would not *save*!

* * * *

* * * * *

* * * *

O amber Youth! my heart's desire
 Yearns evermore to *thee*:
 O Memory! thou soul-cankering fire
 That burn'st immortally!

Volcanic fiend! begone, begone!
 Cease thy tempestuous throes;
 With vulture-pinions speed thou on,
 But leave *me* to my woes.

Ah! hush with thine æsthetic balm
 This nympholeptic cry:
 Come with thy coronal of calm,
 Divine Philosophy!

Hence, then, hence, earth-incrusted Care !
Thy fetters I disown ;
Imparadised in ambient air,
Mine empyrean throne !

BALL. COLL., OXFORD.





Vacation Thoughts.

N PLEASANT the meadows enclosing
The Isis—old Oxford in front;
And pleasant on cushions reposing
To dream away life in a punt,
Discussing with infinite relish
The weed that Havanna supplies,
Or plucking the gems that embellish
The works of the witty and wise.

And pleasant the toil and the trouble
Devoted to stalking the stag,
Or trudging through acres of stubble
Intent upon making a bag.
And pleasant the ladies' mile riding
To linger where beauty abounds;
And pleasant, a hunter bestriding,
To move to the music of hounds.

And pleasant a streamlet exploring
 To trick the unfortunate trout ;
And pleasant, when rapidly scoring,
 The umpire's verdict, " Not out !"
And pleasant to settle the innings,
 And scatter the enemy's stumps ;
And pleasant to pocket the winnings
 Achieved by a handful of trumps.

And pleasant in sunshining hours
 When Croquet's asserting its sway,
To battle 'mid perfume of flowers
 With Amazons beauteous as they.
And pleasant snow-mountains ascending
 When London's outrageously hot ;
And pleasant, light breezes befriending,
 To handle a snug little yacht.

And pleasant with canon and pocket
 To get a magnificent break ;
And pleasant caressing the locket
 One prizes for somebody's sake :
And pleasant while waltzing demurely
 To whisper in somebody's ear
The tender expressions that surely
 Somebody's not sorry to hear.

And pleasant by moonlight invited,
When trembles full many a star,
To sweep 'neath the lattice love-lighted
The low-voiced imploring guitar,
Addressing in passionate numbers
(Oh, moments of exquisite bliss !)
The lady whose heaven-sent slumbers
Are soothed by such music as this :—

In the school of love we find
Much to discipline the mind ;
Learn we as the years pass by us
Loving still to be resigned.
Laughing, weeping,
Sowing, reaping,
Faith be ours, ever keeping
Love's dear pledges binding still.

In the voice of Love we hear
Tones that justify the fear
Lest what once was dearly cherished
Should not always be held dear.
Smiling, sighing,
Living, dying,
Strength be ours ever trying
Love's high duty to fulfil.

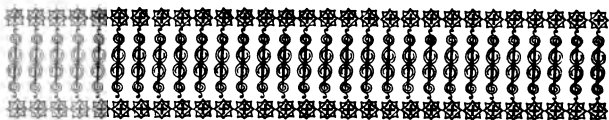
Maiden, should it be confessed
One there is who loves thee best,
Who amid surrounding beauties
Finds in thee the loveliest ;
Hoping, fearing,
Still revering,
One whose every word 's endearing,
Maiden, should you take it ill ?

O pleasant and sacred and tender
The homage inspired by love,
For nought can such homage engender
That finds not its sanction above ;
Thrice happy who hold it a duty
To fall down and worship in youth,
Thrice happy who worshipping beauty
Find with it devotion and truth.

EX. COLL., OXFORD.

A. B. C.



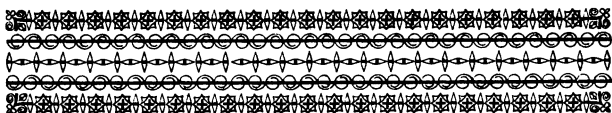


From Mrs. Hemans.

GO forth, for she is gone !
With the golden light of her wavy hair,
She is gone to the fields of the viewless air :
She hath left her dwelling lone !

Go forth, and like her be free !
With thy radiant wing and thy glancing eye,
Thou hast all the range of the sunny sky :
And what is our grief to thee ?

Is it aught even to her we mourn ?
Doth she look on the tears by her kindred shed ?
Doth she rest with the flowers o'er her gentle head,
Or float on the light wind borne ?



Idem Latine Redditum.

PASSER; periit nam tibi Lesbia,
Quondam nympha vagis aurea crinibus;
Campos illa petens ætheris avios
Solam deseruit domum.

I, passer, Dominâ libera liberâ,
I pennis rutilans, clara oculos abi,
Apricus vacuum pandit iter polus;
Quid nostræ tibi næniæ?

Quin ipsi Dominæ quid gemitus placent?
Num mæstos lacrimis spectat adhuc suos?
Num dormit placidum fusa caput rosis,
An fertur Zephyro levi?

We know not—but she is gone!
Her step from the dance, her voice from the song,
And the smile of her eye from the festive throng:
She hath left her dwelling lone!



Illud scire nefas ; lux periit mea ;
Non voce illa melos, non pedibus choro,
Non ludos hilares illa oculis reget ;
Ah ! deserta vacat domus !

ST. JOHN'S COLL., CAMB.

S.





“Georgey Porgey, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry ;
When the girls came out to play
Georgey Porgey ran away.”

TU, Marce parce, frusta crusta qui cupis,
Dolere fecisti osculando virgines ;
Quæ quum redirent in jocos puellulæ,
Tu, Marce parce, terga vertisti fugâ.

PEMB. COLL., OXFORD.

G. G.



Southwell Minster.

IT was a gladsome summer morn, the sun was bright
and high,
The birds were singing cheerily, beneath the deep blue sky;
The flowers were all unfolding, and their perfume filled the
air :
All nature seemed rejoicing in sights and sounds so fair.

Nor could I wonder, as I gazed on stream, and vale, and
wood,
That in the world's young morning God had called them
" very good ;"
For though a withering blight hath marred the beauty first
they wore,
Yet still to each discerning heart there's beauty evermore !

I wandered on with lightsome step, till, from its deep
repose,
The Minster, with its grand old towers, before my vision
rose ;
And whilst I stood with joy beneath its consecrated shade,
I thought of those who long ago in their peaceful rest were
laid :

Of those whose day of trial was o'er—who had fought the
battle well—
Who within the Church's blessed home had ever loved to
dwell—
Who found what strength and gladness God surely giveth
there,
When at Matins and at Evensong ascends the voice of
prayer.

Oh ! those were England's brightest days, that have de-
parted long,
When all men loved the holy Church, and their faith and
hope were strong ;
And when, in earnest charity, their time—their all—was
given,
To rear those noble temples—the very gates of Heaven !

I stood within its hallowed walls; from many a storied
pane
The light in richest colours fell, and as I looked again
The deeds of love the Healer wrought were plainly on them
seen,
Or an apostle, or a saint, or weeping Magdalene.

And as the choir I entered the organ-notes were
pealing,
And white-robed priests before the cross were all devoutly
kneeling;
Then upward borne on wings of faith arose the chanted
cry,
The spirit's deepest utterance, "our solemn litany."

Oh! would that those who cast such scorn upon our holy
things
Could only know the life and peace Christ's true spouse
ever brings!
To His one and blessed fold of rest they surely would
return,
And the priceless birthright of His grace in pride no longer
spurn.

The Church's prayers were over, and yet I lingered there—
A holy and a deep repose lay round me everywhere ;
No longer now I gazed alone on fine-wrought tracery,
For one was by my side whose form was fair exceedingly.

Her face a quiet beauty wore, and her deep expressive eyes
Beamed brightly, purely, like the stars that gem the mid-
night skies ;
And as with her I wandered adown those stately aisles,
I felt that e'en her frown must be more fair than others'
smiles !

The Minster, with its grand old towers, I ne'er may see
again,
Nor hear that voice so musical, whose tones fell on me
then ;
But still the memory of that day, with all its untold joy,
Will be a bright spot in the waste no time can e'er destroy !

S. EDMUND HALL.

ARTHUR ST. JOHN, M.A.





Translation from Soph. *Antigone*.

CHORUS 332.—πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ. κ. τ. λ.

NOW strange the wonders that the earth can show !
And what more strange than man adventurous :
Than man who dares in hollow barks to go,
Scorning the frown of danger's dreadful face,
Beyond the hoary sea 'mid wintry blast,
When each succeeding wave o'ertops the last ;

Who wears out Earth—most ancient of the gods—
Unwearied and imperishable Gē,
And turns from year to year the heavy clods
With steeds that drag the ploughshare patiently,
And snares the thoughtless denizens of air,
And drives the wild beast forth from out his native lair,

The ocean's finny tribe his power obey,
Yield to his nets that search the pathless deep ;
Man by his cunning art asserts his sway
E'en o'er the beasts that roam the wooded steep ;
Compels the mountain bull and rough-maned steed
To bear the heavy yoke and till the verdant mead.

Speech, too, belongs to man, and lofty thought,
And social means to soothe and sweeten life ;
He heeds not icy frosts, by wisdom taught
To shun the power of elemental strife.
O all-inventive skill ! yet he must die :
Death is the only foe he has not learnt to fly.

His art and means in medicine the same,
When suffering throws him on a feverish bed,
When dreadful maladies torment his frame,
He finds a cure though hope itself has fled.
Alas ! that e'er to whom such power is given
Should break their country's laws—their faith with God
in heaven.

The highest in the state whose grasping mind
Ambition tempts from Honour's track to stray

Is no true citizen, and ne'er shall find
In me a friend to guide his evil way :
Shall never on my hearth a guest appear,
And never in my soul's most secret councils share.

And yet, I e'en could doubt the power divine
When here I see the maid Antigone ;
Ah ! hapless daughter of a hapless line
What crime has brought thee to such misery ?
Ah, wretched girl ! and hast thou thus transgressed,
By thine own folly led, King Creon's harsh behest ?

TRIN. COLL., CAMB.

F.





In Memoriam.

RICHARD COBDEN.

ONE, single-handed, valiantly has fought,
One, who has felt the people's woes and cares
Even as his own : he help to these has brought,
And children lisp his name, and bless him in their
prayers.

Again : the people clamour out for war !

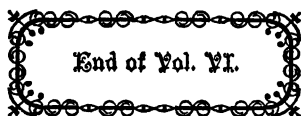
Wrong has been done ; now slothful ease must cease :
The strong arm of our might must strike home far ;
But still one manly voice boldly speaks out for peace.

Here was he right ; here wrong, all England says ;
It may have been—a future age will show ;
Vain were it now to blame, and vain to praise,
For he has passed away from earthly toil and woe.

No more on earth that sympathetic heart
Shall throb responsive to another's pain ;
No thought of self claimed of his hopes a part,
Therefore we mourn *our* loss, rejoicing in *his* gain.

CHRIST'S COLL., CAMB.

X. Y. B.



**T. AND G. SHRIMPTON,
PUBLISHERS,
BROAD STREET, OXFORD.**



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